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The Unmonumental Picture

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The unMonumental Picture

Preface by Lisa Phillips
Essays by Richard Flood, Laura Hoptman, and Massimiliano Gioni

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Through the BNP Paribas Foundation, we have long supported organizations that share our contemporary spirit, especially those making important contributions to the arts. Our support for architecture, dance, theater, sculpture and painting has been extensive, and global. We're extremely pleased to provide our support to the New Museum during its grand reopening.

Those of us in New York enjoy a vibrant arts culture, and the New Museum has played a pioneering role in it. The New Museum has looked into the future of contemporary art, and found exciting ways to help it come alive for the public.

Since its founding in 1977, the New Museum has introduced us to the work of important emerging contemporary artists. We've seen art education and art appreciation programs brought to our high schools. We've seen anthologies created that open the doors of insight for people everywhere. We're proud and honored to be part of that effort, and we look forward to seeing that role extend not just across the United States but around the world.

That spirit of looking ahead and recognizing the future is very much in line with the BNP Paribas approach to business.

We're committed and responsive individuals, with the creativity and ambition that lead to deep, close relationships with others. Those characteristics are driving us in our expansion across North America. You can count on us to apply that same approach to our support for the New Museum—and by doing so, to add to our worldwide efforts to foster not just a vibrant environment for contemporary art but other activities important to a better world and higher quality of life we all seek.

On behalf of BNP Paribas' global team, let me express our pleasure to be associated with the New Museum. We're excited to see what we can do by working together.

Sincerely,

Everett Schenk
CEO, BNP Paribas North America

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Preface

Lisa Phillips
Toby Devan Lewis Director, New Museum of Contemporary Art

This book, *Collage: The Unmonumental Picture*, accompanies the second chapter of the New Museum's inaugural exhibition, *Unmonumental*, a dynamic exhibition which changes over time in an additive installation that layers sculpture, collage, sound, and Internet works. *Collage: The Unmonumental Picture* expands upon the presentation of sculpture that uses common materials and amplifies the themes of fragmentation, hybridization, and appropriation. The works in *Collage: The Unmonumental Picture* offer a view of where we find ourselves as a culture—whether it is through the use of detritus from the throwaway landscape and the planned obsolescence of high consumerism or through the use of images from the 24/7 information superhighway. There is a remarkable consistency to the work on view and a strong political dimension, as the artists confront the images and debris of our real world; scavenging and tearing at the remains and residue, then recomposing the fragments to formulate a compelling vision.

Collage involves the simplest of acts, the pasting of torn or cut paper. It is humble and democratic in that anyone can do it. Perhaps it is this simplicity and accessibility and strong graphic presence that lent collage a sense of revolutionary possibility since it was first adopted by the avant-garde almost a century ago. Given the wide use of images from printed materials in collage—magazines, advertisements, books, newspapers—it is a most appropriate medium in a world where words and images bombard us in rapid succession and conspicuous consumption is tied to personal happiness as well as patriotic duty. As Martha Rosler writes, collage is a "symptom, a strategy, and a form of resistance."

I would like to thank the New Museum's curatorial team—Richard Flood, Chief Curator; Laura Hoptman, Senior Curator; and Massimiliano Gioni, Director of Special Exhibitions—for bringing together a group of artists who explore the changing role of collage as it enters the twenty-first century and for contributing their fresh insights on contemporary collage to this book.

We are very grateful for BNP Paribas' lead support of our important, inaugural exhibition, *Unmonumental*. We also extend our thanks to two key foundations: The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts and The Horace W. Goldsmith Foundation.

Additional support for the exhibition is provided by the Toby Devan Lewis Emerging Artists Exhibitions Fund, and the catalog is made possible with support from the J. McSweeney and G. Mills Publications Fund.

Finally we extend our deep appreciation to the artists who contributed words and images to the catalog and to the lenders for their support and generosity in lending the artworks on view in the exhibition.

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Richard Flood Tear Me Apart, One Letter at a Time

Collage has been kicking around for centuries. It has most often fallen into the category of anecdotal, perhaps as a sentimental *billet-doux* or maidenly remembrance. In the early twentieth century, collage found a new life as something torn and cut from newspapers, magazines, cigarette packages, theater programs, posters, and musical scores. The results were no less anecdotal, but the subject matter (whether abstract or figurative) became elevated as it served to liberate compositional formats (Pablo Picasso) and political realities (John Heartfield). Collage gradually became identified with such artistic practices as cubism, Dada, and surrealism. Its strong graphic presence bled into the world of design, where its influence grew and flowed into architecture, literature, and music. The creation of collage is one of this and the last century's great, popular, international pastimes. Anyone can make it and most do.

As a mass phenomenon, collage coincided with the rise of radio and, later, television. The world has been gradually transformed into a series of non-linear opportunities dominated by sound, motion, and space. Traveling through this expanded landscape of moving images, audio alternatives, and the insistently transformative Internet can be a delirious safari: eBay fire sales, fast-breaking news, YouTube provocations, celebrity sex tapes, beheadings, Wikipedia entries, and Al Jazeera headlines. On the highways of the world, radio stations manically switch between rock anthems, bully pulpits, psychotic phone-ins, and traffic and weather reports. iPods are embedded with collages that keep the public on its treadmills and Exercycles, riding on buses and jogging out of Shady Rest into the sunset. The most basic playground for contemporary collage is the human body where tattoos of crucifixes vie for space with Maori totems, and Our Lady of Guadalupe rises from roiling oceans brimming with raging dragons and busty mermaids. In literature, William Burroughs, the master of the cut-up, has been followed by wild boys from Iran, Chile, and Japan who mold hip-hop and rap into word tornados that spin across the globe.

The future of collage feels secure. Newspapers and Web sites are filled with juxtapositions and extreme abutments that simmer with tension. Attempts to interlink patches of boldface type result in a sort of cultural Tourette syndrome. Nothing really lines up; there are no helpful parallels to be discovered. Everything is whacked together in fragments that temporarily cohere but cannot hold fast. The density of the information becomes puzzlingly abstract while understanding takes a backseat to the esthetics of arrangement. Headlines appear pasted together like ransom notes and truth is taken hostage. Images are edited, manipulated, scrambled, and reassembled to serve a multiplicity of motives. In a plague of plagiarism and autobiographical invention, the value of authorship grows weak as truth is woven into a collage of fiction

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and preassigned fact. The creative highs that come from a construction of fractures create a public of junkies who simply becomes another element in the field. We are all changing parts in the *respirant* collage.

Laura Hoptman

Collage Now: The Seamier Side

As utopian as it seems to have an endless field of formal, theoretical, and subjective possibilities out of which to create meaning, coherence (although not necessarily *order*) and—emphatically—relevance are crucial criteria in the creation of contemporary visual culture. We don't need literally everything in the world to be our art or an element of our art or even a subject of our art. Life as an artwork has proved to be a frightening prospect; life *in* our artwork seems a necessity at this moment.

Although it is not an intrinsic characteristic, collage has traditionally been the conduit through which elements of real life—a bit of wallpaper, a stuffed goat—have entered into the language of contemporary art. This gentle invasion of the lived world into a more rarified one emblematized the most important conundrum of post-realistic art; namely, how to bridge the unavoidable gap between what we call art and what we call life. The art/life split can arguably be called a by-product of modernism, a perfect example of a kind of division of cultural labor called forth by critics and aficionados before the Second World War who were eager to absolve art from its complicity in the pressing issues of humanity in ethical turmoil. After that war, when collage and its three-dimensional cousin assemblage appeared in Europe and in America (without the surrealistic slant of their pre-war incarnations), their marriage of objects found and made didn't solve the conundrum. Instead it embodied the existential frustration of coming extremely close but never, ever bridging the divide. Marcel Duchamp famously characterized this space forever fated to exist as a seam between components as the *infra-slim* (*infra-mince*). Called into being by the juxtaposition of two elements, almost but not completely conjoined, the nature of the infra-slim, indeed its very existence, was predicated on the nature of the two elements that defined its parameters. As Duchamp explained:

When
the tobacco smoke
also smells
of the mouth
that exhales it
the two odors
are married by
the INFRA-slim[1]

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Duchamp's notion that there was meaning in the space between elements was recognized by Robert Rauschenberg who famously staked out the gap between art and life as his preferred area of concentration in his series of massive assemblages created during the decade of the fifties that he called Combines. Learning by example from Picasso's *Still Life With Chair Caning* (1912), which neatly solved the problem of the virtual by incorporating the actual, and from the work of his friend Jasper Johns in which "two flinty things" were "made to work against one another so hard" that a spark ensued,[2] Rauschenberg formed a painting/sculpture hybrid out of the chaos of war, planned obsolescence, American exceptionalism, supermarkets, films, television, and tabloid news. Collaged compositions that were neither art nor life but both, the Combines were not reflections of their historic moment in all its complexity, but rather results of it. As Rauschenberg scholar Brandon Joseph has pointed out, these works manage to approach Walter Benjamin's desideratum of *Erfahrung*, the ability to experience a moment historically, as opposed to *Erlebnis*, the state of merely living through a moment in time.[3] They did this, not through their incorporation of found objects within what is clearly a painterly matrix, but rather through the chemical repulsion/attraction (what Leo Steinberg has called the "alienating togetherness"[4]) of one element to another. Despite Rauschenberg's compositional brilliance, one reads a Combine in pieces, with the eye running across its surface like it is scanning faces in a crowd or items on a shelf in a supermarket.[5]

Although collage is the strategy in which coherence is pressed upon objects through composition, choice, and the creation of parameters, its peculiarity is that in the best examples, individual elements do not, in the words of the photo-collage maker John Stezaker "disappear into their use," but rather, retain their identity even as they contribute to a larger narrative. A recurrent strategy of artists who use collage is to incorporate photo reproductions of objects, people, and activities that are familiar from the popular cultural discourse, and then through juxtaposition of one element to another, make us rethink the significance of those familiar images altogether. Put to good use by surrealist collage makers who lived for creating a frisson of otherworldiness, contemporary artists exploit this kind of estrangement for exactly the opposite reason: to encourage skepticism towards the images themselves and seek the truth beyond them. As Martha Rosler explains, contemporary collage suspends the perceiver between "the possible and the impossible or unlikely" in that infinitely slim space between the real and the simulated. If surrealist collage aspired to emulate a product of our subconscious, contemporary collage aspires to be a product of, and a participant in, the real-time discourse that our consciousness perceives as constituting our real-world circumstances.

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By its very nature—by its obvious seams—a collage can never be a fact. It is always, in the words of Thomas Hirschhorn, "an interpretation," an expression of opinion. This makes it uniquely suited to the job of bringing the world and its cultural efflorescence into close proximity, with no burden to mimic reality or impart truths. Rauschenberg's Combines can be seen as artifacts of postwar America; the collages created at the beginning of the twenty-first century can be considered appropriate responses to contemporary fractures caused by vast political, social, and cultural unrest, technological change on an unprecedented level, and vicious, multi-national war. Two-dimensional expressions of the carnage of a suicide bomb attack, a roar of protest from an enraged crowd, the collision of signs in an urban landscape, the apocalyptic moment when art is finally subsumed by popular culture, contemporary collage work seeks to create a space between the rarefied museum and the chaos outside. Inflected by both, contemporary collage is, as Rosler has written, "a symptom, a strategy, a form of resistance" to the world it confronts, but by its nature is never subsumed by.

Notes

1. Marcel Duchamp, *View* 5, no. 1 (March 1945). Originally published in French.
2. Leo Steinberg, "Jasper Johns: The First Seven Years of His Art," *Other Criteria: Confrontations with 20th Century Art* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1972), 19.
3. Brandon W. Joseph, *Random Order: Robert Rauschenberg and the Neo-Avant Garde* (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 2003), 128.
4. Leo Steinberg, *Encounters with Rauschenberg* (Houston: deMenil Foundation, 2000), 67.
5. Brian O'Dougherty as quoted in Joseph, *Random Order*, 122, 128.

Massimiliano Gioni

It's Not the Glue that Makes the Collage

Collage is a dirty medium, infected as it is by waste. It appropriates residues and leftovers, trafficking with what is deemed to be valueless. Its origins are more than modest—they are almost sordid and impure, for collage feeds off the pollution of visual culture. Collage casts its roots into a lower, inferior realm, as it scavenges through dark matters and seedy places.

The handbills, catalogs, posters that sing out loud and clear, that's the morning poetry, and for prose there are the newspaper… tabloids lurid with police reports

Guillaume Apollinaire

The first cubist collages described squalid still lives that immediately evoked the settings of bars at closing time or the corners of badly lit artists' studios, where objects were abandoned to rot away in the darkness. Old chairs, broken bottles, cigarette packs, tablecloths, and torn newspapers: the iconography of early collages was profoundly connected to the mythology of the café as a space of transgression and to the

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domestic perimeter of the studio where artists lived according to a careless, bohemian lifestyle. Since its very first appearance, then, collage has chronicled the birth of a new culture of both social and ethical mobility, an age of restlessness propelled by a new sense of immediacy and synchronicity. With its generous embrace of chaos and its participation in the polyphonic explosion of city life at the beginning of the century, collage has represented a joyful urge to both lay waste and recuperate the resulting debris; it is an art that has incarnated a tension between dissipation and conservation. In this dialectical opposition, collage anticipated a much more dramatic contrast that agitated Europe, as it got torn between the rush to destroy and the need to recompose the fragments left behind by world conflicts. From its very beginning, in fact, collage appeared as an art bound to flourish in times of war.
In Picasso's collages, the appropriated newspapers and the torn-out pages often made direct reference to the conflicts in the Balkans and to the socialist uprisings in France. Meanwhile in Milan, the futurists turned collage into a new weapon of mass agitation, the visual arts equivalent of a machine gun firing cruel slogans of war. A few years later in Berlin and Moscow, collages and photomontages conquered a strategic role in counter-information campaigns and propaganda battlefields—collage turned into a form of incendiary art-journalism. As the early twentieth century discovered the power of images and photography, artists felt the urge to reconfigure this amorphous mass of anomic images by creating connections, links, possible narratives, sudden clashes, and interpretations. It was an attempt to make sense of the world, to structure it, while still preserving its absurdly cacophonic, at times sublime, multiplicity.

Since its very origin, collage has appeared as an art of crisis that has entertained a deep relationship with traumas and violations. There is something basic in collage, something almost guttural and visceral that immediately connects it with rupture and intervention. It's this sense of urgency that ricochets all through the twentieth century, with collage and its symbolic collisions resurfacing almost systematically at every new resurgence of collective panic and social change. That's why collage has gathered a new momentum in this first decade of the century. Once again we live in a time of war, and once again we are experiencing an explosion of images—more invasive and volatile than ever—that have completely colonized and shaped our social space. Arching back to a century-old tradition but with their feet solidly planted in the first years of the new millennium, some artists have felt the need to recuperate collage not only as an art form but also as an act of ethical responsibility. Thomas Hirschhorn and Martha Rosler offer two of the most remarkable examples of the current practice of collage. While belonging to completely different generations, both artists are familiar with activist practice and agitprop communication. Both have addressed directly the current war in the Middle East in their works, and—quite significantly—both have incorporated, and fought against, the pictures

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of fashion and glamour that represent the gravitational center of our contemporary visual culture.

As it feeds off magazines, television, and the Internet, in fact, contemporary collage reveals a complicated relationship with the realm of desire and, often, with desires of a darker sort. In the works of Hirschhorn and Rosler, but also in the obsessive and minute collages of Kim Jones, in the hieroglyphics of Nancy Spero (both, Jones and Spero, are great chroniclers of wars), or in the monstrously grotesque creations of Wangechi Mutu, bodies are often reduced to pieces. Details such as lips, teeth, hands, and nails are exaggerated and blown up out of proportion, while heads, arms, and legs are amputated, broken apart, or devoured by neurotic scribbles, and skin is often exposed. The works of these and of many other contemporary artists betray an almost sadomasochist desire to take bodies apart and explode them. It is a return to the tradition of collage as envisioned by the surrealists, but it is as though this art of oneiric montage and free associations has suddenly discovered a secret connection to the spectacle of reality as it unravels in our contemporary mass media.

When real bodies explode in the streets of Baghdad and acts of submission and torture that we thought were only possible in the fantasy of the Marquis de Sade are carried out in military prisons and transmitted by TV around the world, a new, strange space of representation seems to emerge where the distinction between surrealism and hyper-reality is completely blurred. Just as there were almost one hundred years ago, there are artists who try to contrast these visions by using collage to make sense of the insanity, while there are others who find in collage a space to cultivate a sense of obscurity and opacity, an escape from the excess of clarity promoted by mass media.

If Hirschhorn and Rosler are among the best examples of the first attitude, the isolated practice of John Stezaker can serve as a primary example of the latter. Stezaker uses found photos to create images of ambiguity. His portraits condense fragments of publicity photographs, family albums, and torn pictures: the resulting images reveal nothing of the psychology of the people portrayed; often in fact they completely erase any recognizable physiognomic feature, transforming the characters into mysterious sphinxes. While they seem to adopt the vocabulary of celebrity, Stezaker's collages actually deny its very foundation, because they conceal instead of reveal, they make things invisible rather than accessible.

This dialectical tension between exposure and invisibility is charged with new possible readings in the work of many younger artists. Collage is often a clandestine gesture, carried out in the dark, for it violates private property and copyright. So it comes as no surprise that in an age of file sharing and digital replicas, collage has

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gained a new centrality in contemporary art. Among many of today's artists, collage participates in a larger logic of appropriation that digital culture has once again made urgent. Cutting and pasting, cloning and scanning: both the technology and the terminology of collage have been incredibly expanded by the digital revolution, which in turn seems to operate on the very same bases of juxtaposition and proximity that collage had familiarized us with. The work of Kelley Walker, for example, complicates the notion of collage by recycling existing images, contemporary ads, and cultural icons of the sixties along with his own creations.

Reclaiming one's own position within the collective space seems to be one of the many exciting possibilities that collage has opened up for contemporary artists. By connecting to the tradition of the decollagists, artists as diverse as Jonathan Hernandez and Mark Bradford explore the public dimension of collage and its urban roots. Hernandez uses posters that are overlapped with historical motives stolen from the iconography of Mexican murals. In his collages, Bradford has incorporated both posters and materials that explicitly refer to African-American culture. His large compositions resemble intricate maps and political banners in which the messages and slogans might appear unclear, but the energy is raw, almost electric, still preserving intact the fury one would associate with the first ripped collages of Jacques de la Villeglé and Raymond Hains.

It is precisely through these vandalic gestures that collage has defined its identity in the last century and in the beginning of this new one. Collage is the visual language of the underdog—a minor art form that allows sudden acts of insubordination. Some artists have adopted collage as a Trojan horse, a tactic with which to insert unexpected meanings and messages into existing images, contexts, and histories. It's once again some kind of violation, an embezzlement of sort.

Henrik Olesen, for example, has collapsed all these ideas into his work *Anthologie de l'Amour Sublime* (2003) in which Max Ernst's collages are suddenly inhabited by contemporary images that refer to queer sexuality, strange rituals of subjugation, and military violence. Olesen's underworld has something profoundly obscure about it, an unsettling ambiguity in which one is tempted to find secret and disturbing affinities between distant worlds and sexualities.

The representation of sex is almost a genre unto itself in the history of collage. Its origins are to be found in the morbidity of surrealist imagery, which, in turn, was infused with new energy and relevance by the countercultural and feminist movements of the sixties and seventies. Many younger artists are connecting to this eccentric legacy: Christian Holstad's work, for example, with its combination of decorative patterns and graphic love scenes, re-appropriates the excessive palette

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of psychedelia and recharges it with a new vigor borrowed from today's gay club culture. The embraces of Holstad's couples on bathroom floors replicate the intricate dance of pictures that have animated the history of collage all through these years. After all, collages are nothing but knots of bodies and entanglements of images in the fissures of which lay our deepest fears and most secret desires.

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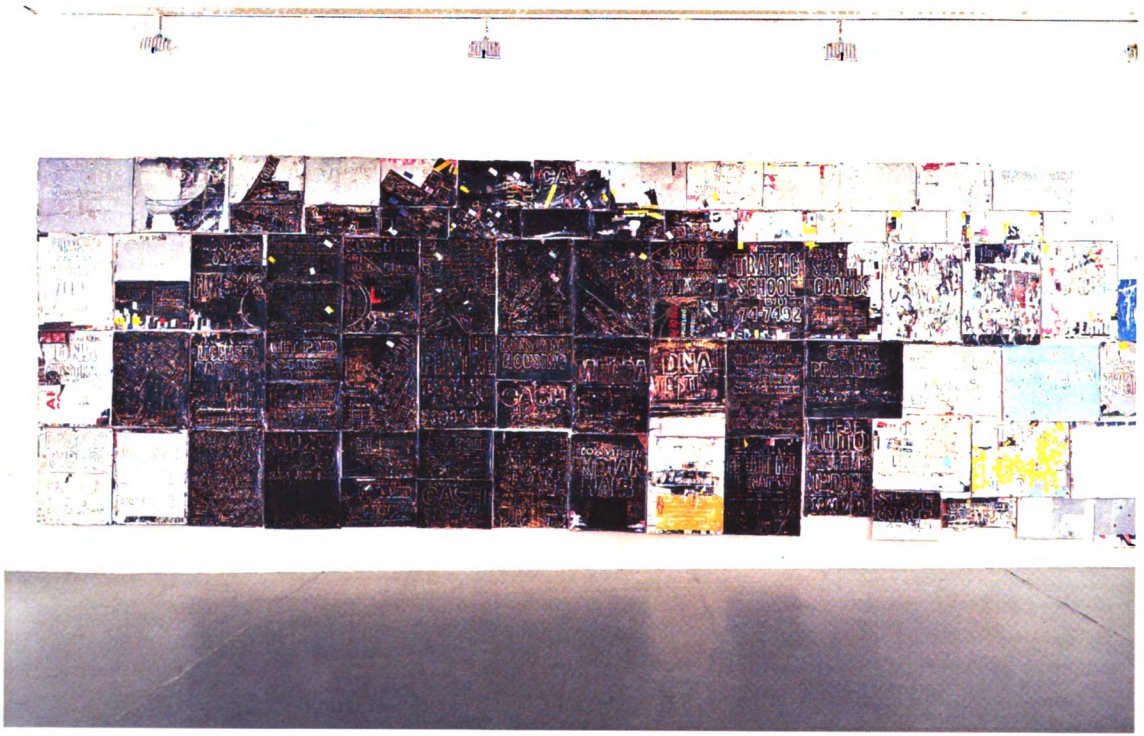

Mark Bradford

***Ridin' Dirty*, 2006 (installation view)**
Cut and pasted papers on paper; seventy-eight panels
109 x 336 in; 276.9 x 853.4 cm

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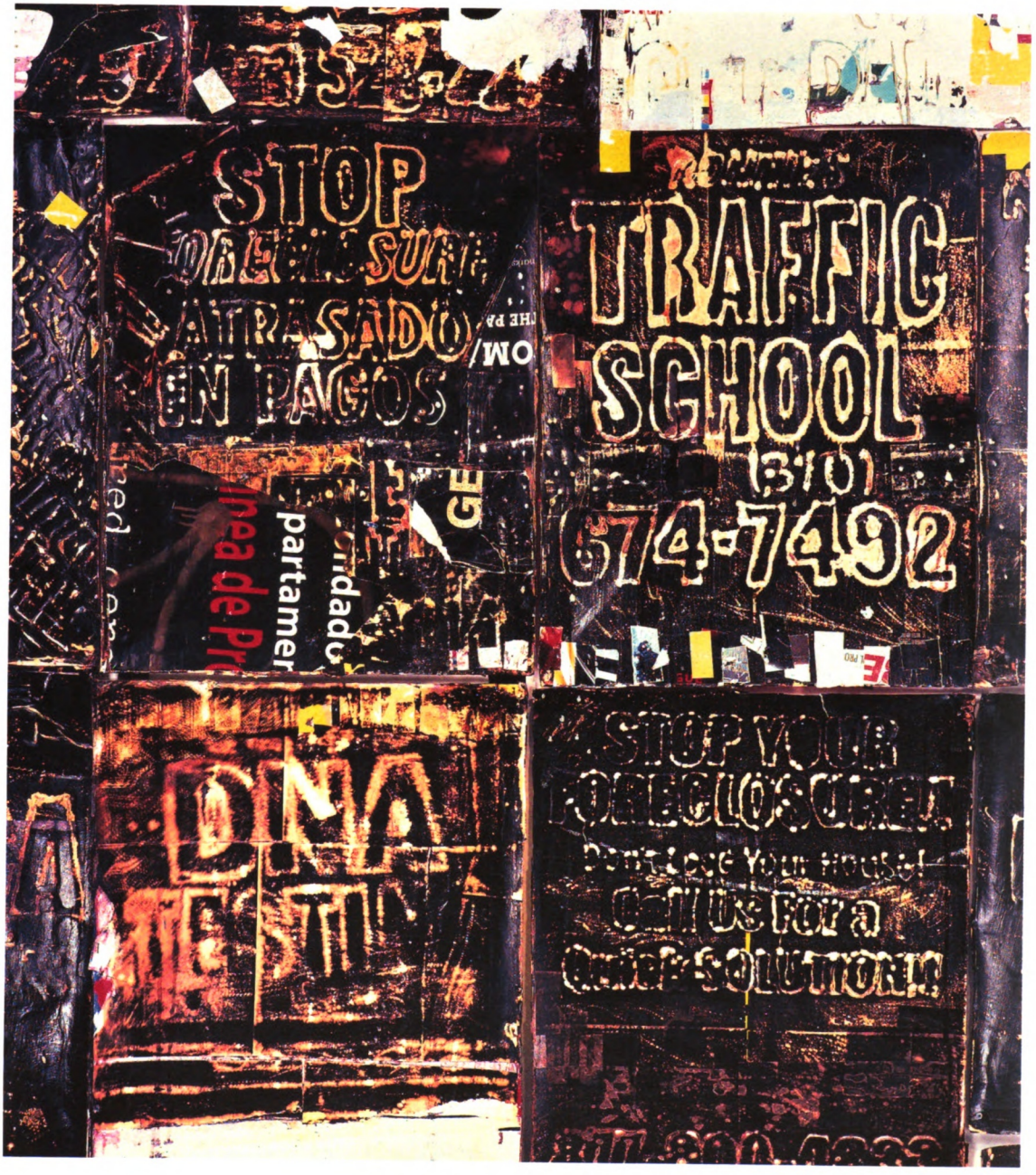

***Ridin' Dirty*, 2006 (detail)**
Cut and pasted papers on paper; seventy-eight panels
109 x 336 in; 276.9 x 853.4 cm

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Los Moscos, 2004
Cut and pasted papers on canvas
125 x 190 1/2 in; 317.5 x 483.9 cm

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Los Moscos, 2004 (detail)
Cut and pasted papers on canvas
125 x 190 1/2 in; 317.5 x 483.9 cm

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Bradford

Work in progress, 2007 (detail)
Photographed *in situ* in Mark Bradford's studio, Los Angeles

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Work in progress, 2007 (detail)
Photographed *in situ* in Mark Bradford's studio, Los Angeles

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EJ: Your work seems intrigued by the history of Los Angeles, a history of Los Angeles. When we last spoke, you were teaching me a little about the ongoing presence of a migrant trade class and the implications of its historical presence on the makeup of the city. I know that in some ways this is your own personal history as a trades person, but also in your art this history seems always to ghost your work. Can you tell me a little about this history and its currency with regard to your current project?

MB: As an artist, I became interested in the aesthetic of the people who stayed within the black community, within the city. Until about 1950, Central Avenue and the southeast part of the city were the only places blacks, and for that matter, Mexicans could live. The housing covenants started lifting and the middle class fled to the northern and western parts of the city. The urban population became imbalanced. With the absence of the professional class, the dope man and the "gangsta" became the norm, as did out and out violence on any male who was "sissy" or other.

Really I think it was my anger that first got me motivated. By anger, I am referring to dissatisfaction with representation. Shifting between being an insider and outsider, I could not help but observe our romantic relationship to the all-black city that was dependent upon a blanket of silence. Most of our critiques are geared toward white America—meanwhile, nobody wants to talk about the shit in our house, and this silence is really a co-conspirator in a lot of this bullshit we've got going. I have repeatedly said that I am concerned with a black-on-black dialogue—an in-house critique. Before we can blow up the "white" house we've got to put a few sticks of dynamite under the "black" house. See, there I go again with the revolution!

What I find interesting is the shift in the aesthetic model. I believe that the departure of the middle class holds a lot of historical importance because they became entrenched in a new integrated model that was more palatable to the mainstream white society, and inner-city style went virtually unnoticed until the entertainment industry tapped the commercial potential of "gangsta rap." Throughout the 1960s, 70s, and 80s, the integrated style got attention and developed as a new official form of blackness. Other important sites were developing concurrently, but they just were not as interesting to the majority of black or white folks. Baby, gangsta rap made everybody pay attention to inner-city style, if only as a new site for colonization. But inner-city style has always been here, the skeleton in the closet now worth some money, but still hardly official or respected. I use the aesthetic of southeast Los Angeles to highlight that region and all it carries, not in a romantic sense but to explicate its tenacity and complexity—a hybridity from within, a kind of boundedness.

EJ: Discussions of your work have often situated it in the abstract tradition of Agnes Martin, Robert Ryman, or Brice Marden. Somehow these comparisons seem flawed. Franklin Sirmans has compared you to Felix Gonzales-Torres and Janine Antoni for "extending the discourse of minimalism by injecting it with content." I wonder whom you would identify as your predecessors and influences. In what "tradition?"

MB: I too am curious as to why the association with all of these abstract painters. For me, there is an abstraction that happens in the city that interests me, a dislocation of reality when you have the Mexican taqueria next to the black wig shop across the street from the Korean nail shop. I translate this suspension and interruption into my own palette. There's an ongoing erasure and rewriting of ownership that flows in the "hood," a constant collision of signs. I get a lot of my inspiration/information from the "supposedly" mad bitches—black feminist writers. I just finished the history of abstract painting by Francis Colpitt, and I do greatly appreciate the work of Felix Gonzalez-Torres, Glenn Ligon, and the concepts behind arte povera are cool.

EJ: Your references to hair products and design have been discussed as corporeal, stand-ins for skin and the body in a very visceral and literal sense. Do you agree? For me, the burnt end papers and gel-like colors are melancholic, but perhaps more ambiguous. They connote a kind of endless desire and futility, but their translucency offers a transcendence of the surface, conveying hope, peace. Tell me about how your work relates to minimalism.

MB: I look at my work as a collection of tensions/interruptions and renegotiated lines and color fields. The color choices I use are limited to what is available at Office Depot in the color copier. I then choose an art color that will mimic the colored paper and paint the surface of the canvas first with that paint. The first relationship to the surface is with

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paint, in the traditional sense. As I begin the process of repetition and layering, the colored paper becomes the stand in for the "real" color and what is left is the memory of the real color, but articulated through the colored copy paper. And the burnt edges of the permanent wave papers become line.

Limitation, structures such as gender roles, culture, and stereotypes present a set of immovable historical symbols. Having to negotiate being black and 6'8"—I was born into some specific stereotypes, and I worked it! Still do, so the strategies for individuality that I have adopted acknowledge the rules. Hence the use of a limited palette in my choice of materials. I work within a series of rules that put a pressure on my psyche to find ways around the model and engage my desire. When I am speaking of minimalism, I am speaking about a series of limitations and restrictions that I impose to create a certain artistic tension much like the tension I feel going into my own opening and the receptionist or someone in the elevator either asking whether I am there to set the catering or if I play basketball. Damn! Minimalism in the traditional sense is about the absence of something,a stripping away to the essence. I see a minimal palette as a preexisting palette "to inject with content."

EJ: Your approach to content reminds me of bell hooks' astute discussion of white male supremacist culture in *Black Looks: Race and Representation*. hooks writes "Racial integration has had a profound impact on black gender roles. It has helped promote a climate wherein most black women and men accept sexist notions of gender roles." She interrogates the integrationist goals of the Civil Rights Movement as promoting a doctrine of black imitation of white values. She continues, "In every black community in the United States there are adult black men married, unmarried, gay, straight, who do not assert patriarchal domination and yet live fulfilled lives, where they are not sitting around worried about castration." Again, I come back to the concept of tradition. If we accept that the notion of a universal black tradition (one that ignores class, ethnicity, region) is flawed, there is room to consider your work as both a challenge to and operating within "tradition."

MB: Many of the codes that I remix have a lot of historical authority, where "keep it real" sounds like a threat. A policing from within the community that suppresses those urges to critically address codes of male normativity. It is dangerous to fuck with the brothers. Look to any rap video or gangsta narrative movie, and the ways in which it prescribes black male ritual—all that thuggin' across the screen.

The titles I use are usually aggressive or at least point to a particular "hard" vernacular. "Dreadlock can't tell me shit," is one particular example that comes to mind. I hear a lot about being hard, so I operate within that paradigm of "hard" but inject it with a counter position. I use the model to critique a narrative that normalizes and anticipates an attitude, behavior, and fate for the urban male. I am other; I am street; I am a baller—get used to it! In moments of crisis something can happen. But you have to first throw a few stones.

["Mark Bradford with Eungie Joo" was originally published in an exhibition brochure for *Project 16: Mark Bradford* by Pomona College Museum of Art, Claremont, California, in 2002.]

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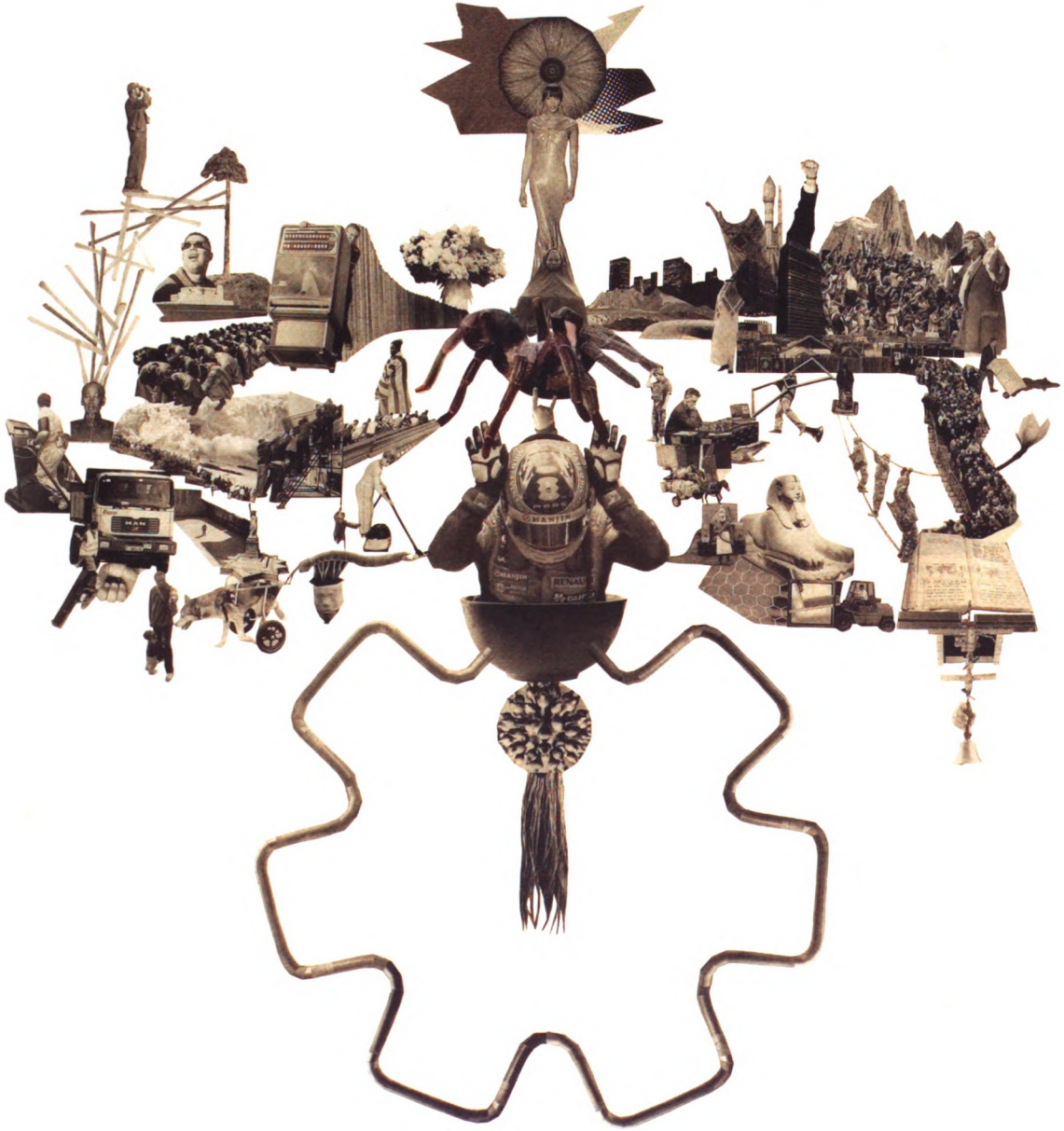

Jonathan Hernandez

Rongwrong VI, 2006
Newspaper collage on cardboard
57 1/4 x 58 5/8 in; 145.5 x 149 cm

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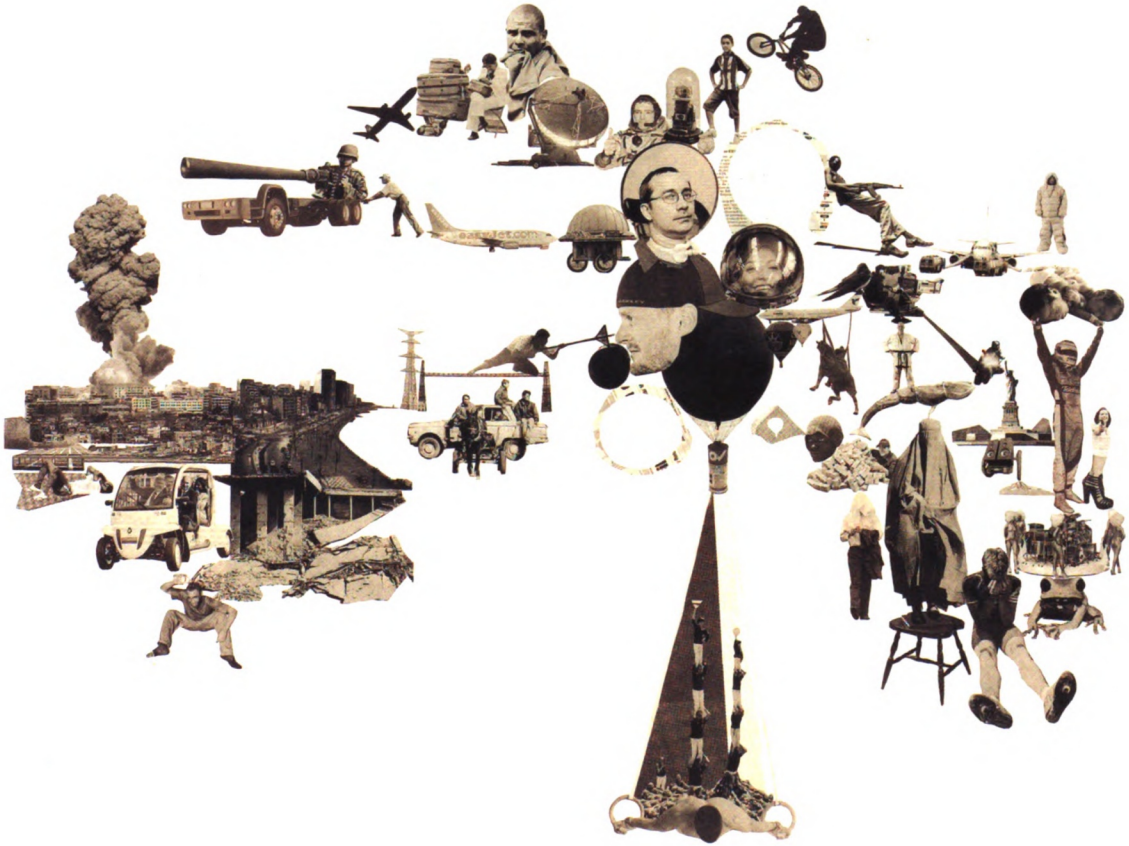

***Rongwrong VII*, 2006**
Newspaper collage on cardboard
49 3/8 x 61 x 1 1/2 in; 125.5 x 155 x 4 cm

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Rongwrong X, 2006
Newspaper collage on cardboard
51 1/8 x 47 1/4 in; 130 x 120 cm

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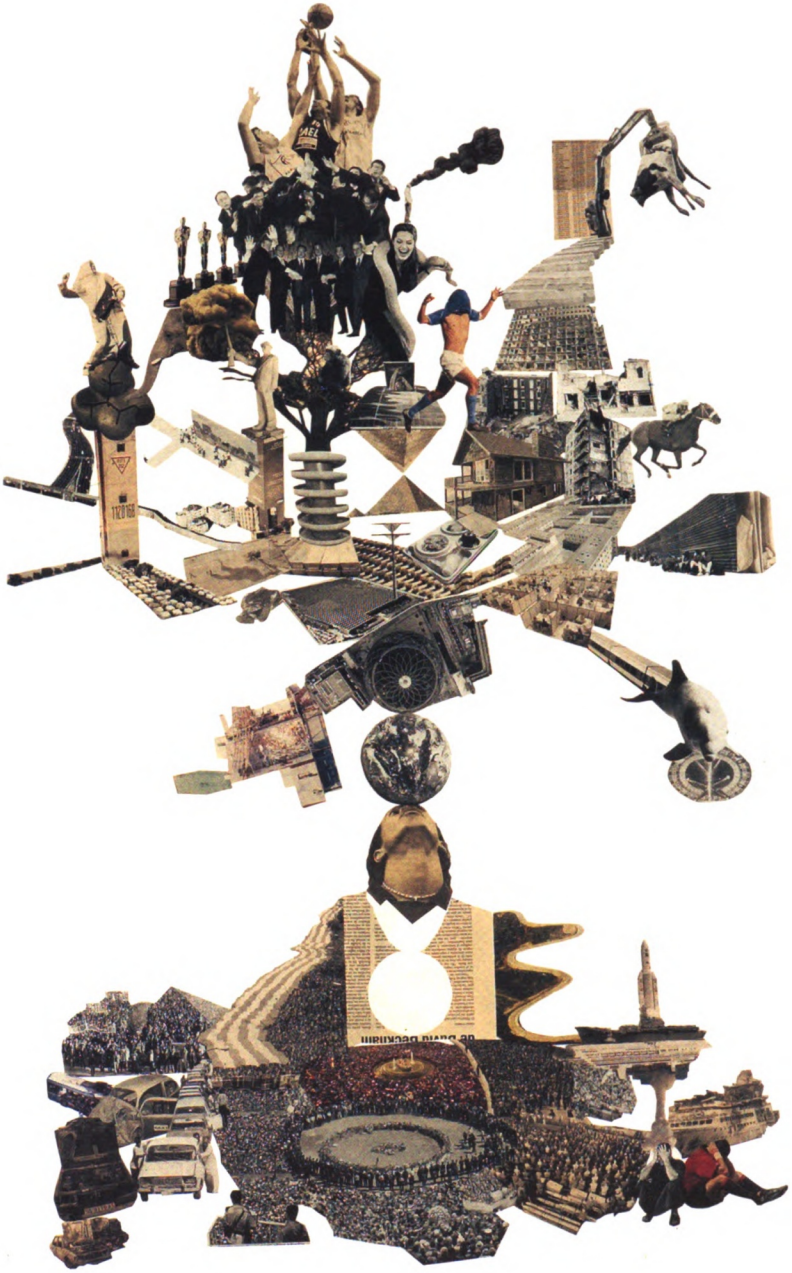

Rongwrong, 2004–2005
Newspaper collage on cardboard
58 5/8 x 39 in; 149 x 99 cm

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***Rongwrong II*, 2005**
Newspaper collage on cardboard
39 3/8 x 31 1/2 in; 100 x 80 cm

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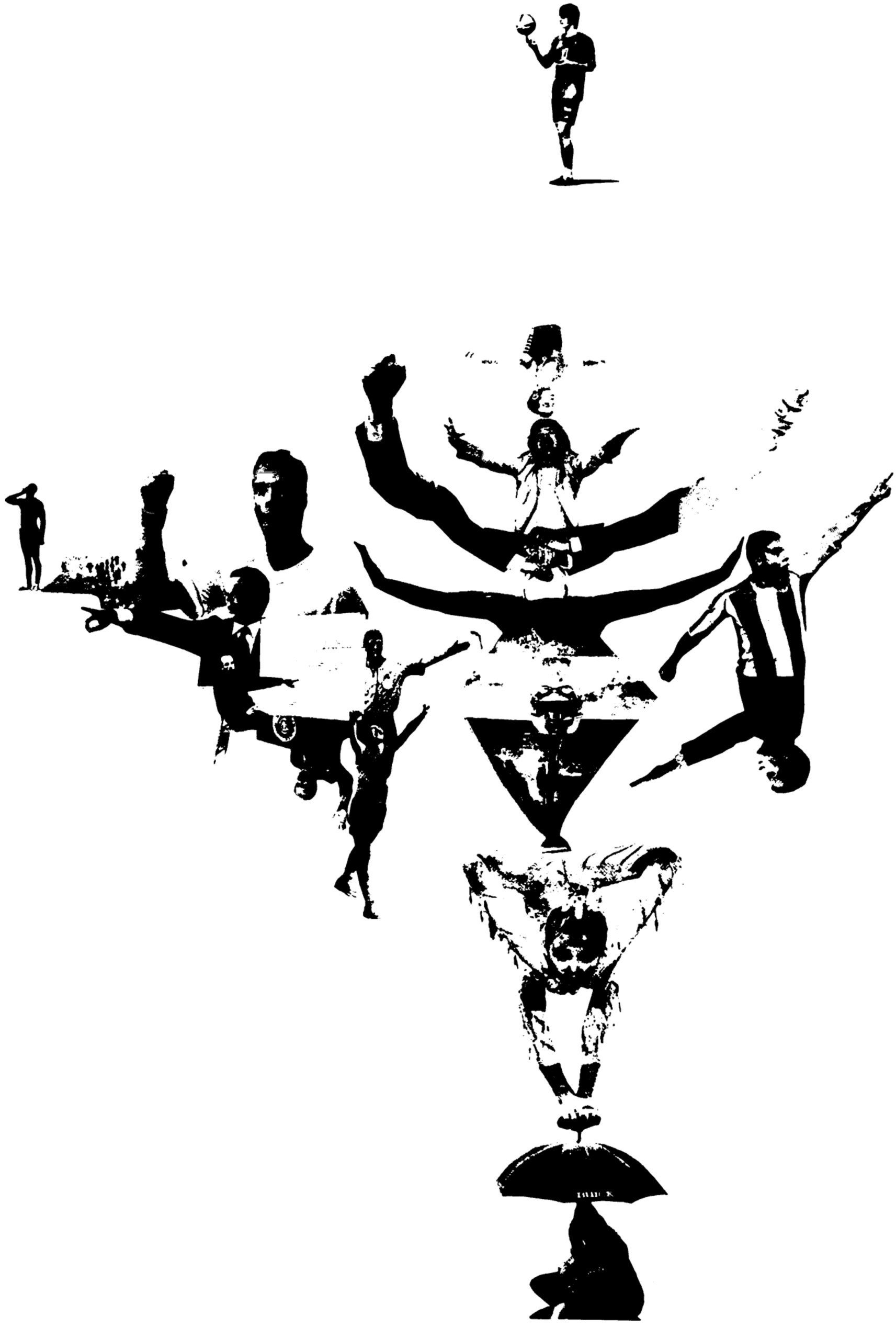

***Rongwrong III*, 2005**
Newspaper collage on cardboard
39 3/8 x 31 1/2 in; 100 x 80 cm

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***Mural*, 2006**
David Alfaro Siqueiros mural sketch, thirteen panels
157 1/2 x 275 1/2 in; 400 x 700 cm

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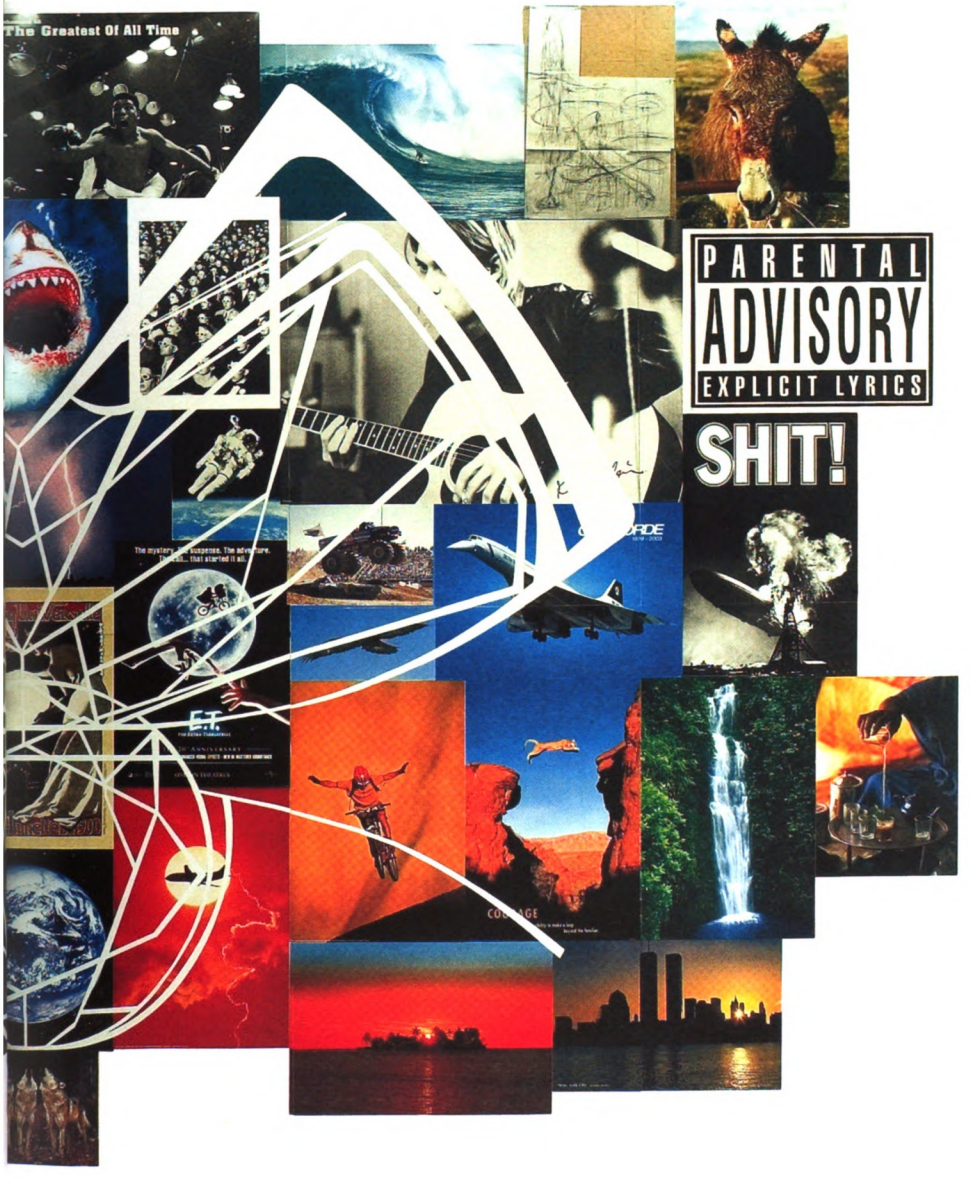

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Jonathan Hernandez

New Museum: What is collage?

JH: What I do every now and then...it is some sort of occupational therapy.

NM: Where do you find your images?

JH: The images (photographs) proceed exclusively from the press (national and international). I read the newspapers almost every day while having breakfast.

NM: Are you recycling, appropriating, or stealing?

JH: There is a crossroads in between the appropriation, recycling, and stealing of images with a public character. Curiously, these three issues are implicit in the nature of press photography.

NM: Do you feel connected to the tradition of collage?

JH: I am not specially interested in the notion of tradition, and even less in being personally linked to a tradition. There will always be references throughout history. In the series "Rongwrong," these references to the history of collage are clear and direct.

NM: Is collage a political medium? Is it an activist's medium?

JH: It is just another medium.

NM: Who owns images?

JH: Everyone.

NM: What happens between two images?

JH: Ping-Pong.

[May 2007]

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Thomas Hirschhorn

Step Two Copyright **(from the "Red" Series), 2001**
Work on paper; paper, plastic foil, adhesive tape, prints, marker, and ballpoint
12 5/8 x 16 1/2 in; 32 x 42 cm

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No Life is Cheap **(from the "1 Man = 1 Man" Series), 2001**
Work on paper; paper, plastic foil, adhesive tape, prints, marker, and ballpoint
12 1/4 x 17 in; 31 x 43.4 cm

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Not Funny, 2003
Work on paper; paper, plastic foil, adhesive tape, prints, marker, and ballpoint
19 1/2 x 23 3/8 in; 49.5 x 59.5 cm

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***Not Fine*, 2003**
Work on paper; paper, plastic foil, adhesive tape, prints, marker, and ballpoint
19 1/4 x 23 5/8 in; 49 x 60 cm

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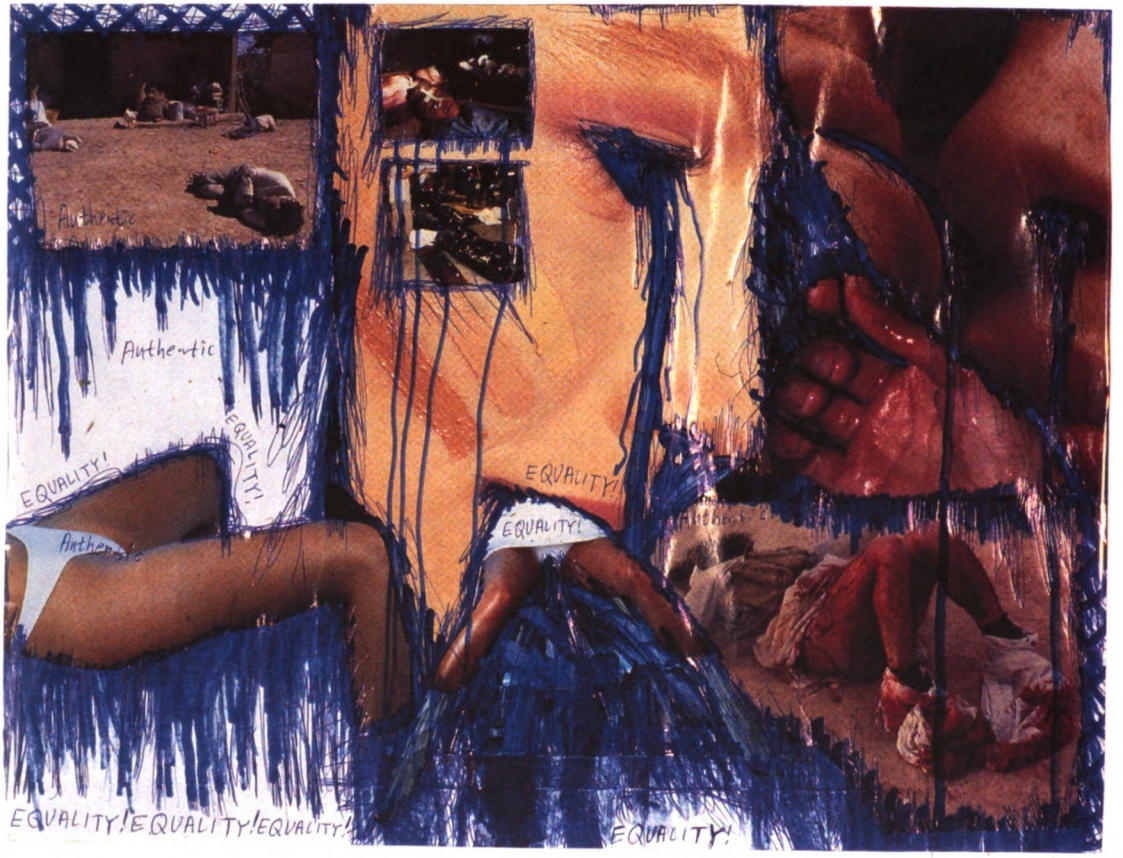

Authentic **(from the "Equality" Series), 2002**
Work on paper; paper, plastic foil, adhesive tape, prints, marker, and ballpoint
12 5/8 x 16 1/2 in; 32 x 42 cm

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Respect Now! **(from the "Equality" Series), 2002**
Work on paper; paper, plastic foil, adhesive tape, prints, marker, and ballpoint
12 3/8 x 17 3/8 in; 31.5 x 44 cm

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Vision of a New Millennium **(from the "Blue Warning" Series), 2002**
Work on paper; paper, plastic foil, adhesive tape, prints, marker, and ballpoint
14 1/8 x 18 1/8 in; 36 x 46 cm

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Every Wound is my Wound II **(from the "Every Wound is my Wound" Series), 2006**
Work on paper; paper, plastic foil, adhesive tape, prints, marker, and ballpoint
33 x 35 in; 84 x 89 cm

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The series of works on paper that I have been doing for several years are *collages*.

A collage is an interpretation. It's a true, real, entire interpretation, an interpretation that wants to create something new. Doing collages means creating a new world with elements of this existing world. Doing collages is unprofessional and it's easy. Everyone has once in his life made a collage and everybody is included in a collage. Collages possess the power to *implicate* the other immediately. I like the capacity of *non-exclusion* of collages and I like the fact that they are always suspicious and not taken seriously. Collages still resist consumption, even if—like everything—they have to fight against glamorousness and fashionability. I want to put together what cannot be put together, I think that's the aim of a collage and it's my mission as an artist. The images that I put together are from printed matter that had another existence before: photos or advertisements—always printed—that I have taken from fashion and political magazines and images I have printed out from the Internet, sometimes enlarged with photocopy. The blue and red scribbling (markers and ballpoint pen) is the flood of tears, of sadness, the flood of the too much. It's the overflow, it is not blood, it's only blue and red color. I want to do a two-dimensional work that can be mentally deployed into a third dimension. I want to break the scale and I want to break the angles and the perspective. I want to put *the whole world* into my collages. I want to put everything in, the whole universum. I want to express the complexity and contradiction of the world into a single collage. I want to express the world that I am living in, not the whole world as the entire world but as a *fragmented world*. My collages are a commitment to the universality of the world. I am against particularism, against information, against communication, against facts and against opinion. The question is not who is the victim, who is guilty, nor what is it about. It's about the entire History and not just a single fact. With my work, I want to reach, to touch History beyond the historical fact. The question is always: What is my position? The question is about myself, today. I want to confront the chaos, the uncomprehensibility, and the unclarity of the world, not by bringing peace or quietness nor by working in a chaotic way, but by working in the chaos and in the unclarity of the world. I want to do something *charged* that reaches beauty in its density. I want to work in emergency mode, I want to do too much. The images that I use in a collage are an attempt to confront the violence of the world and *my own violence*. I am part of the world and all the violence of the world is my own violence, all the wounds of the world are my own wounds. All the hate is my own hate. I love Dada and the collages of the Dadaists, I love the beautiful collages of Johannes Baader and his *Das grosse Plasto-Dio-Dada-Drama*, it is an image that I always carry with me. I love John Heartfield and his work, he said "use photography as a weapon!" *I love to do collages, and I love to make this kind of work.*

[Thomas Hirschhorn, October 2006]

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Solo Guy in Blue Bathroom (Series #1), 2002
Color xerox on archival paper
18 1/2 x 11 in; 47 x 27.9 cm

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***Favors, or Disco Ball and Balloon*, 2002**
Color xerox on archival paper
24 x 19 in; 61 x 48.3 cm

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***Happiness is Always Surprising*, 2002**
Color xerox on archival paper
18 x 21 1/2 in; 45.7 x 54.6 cm

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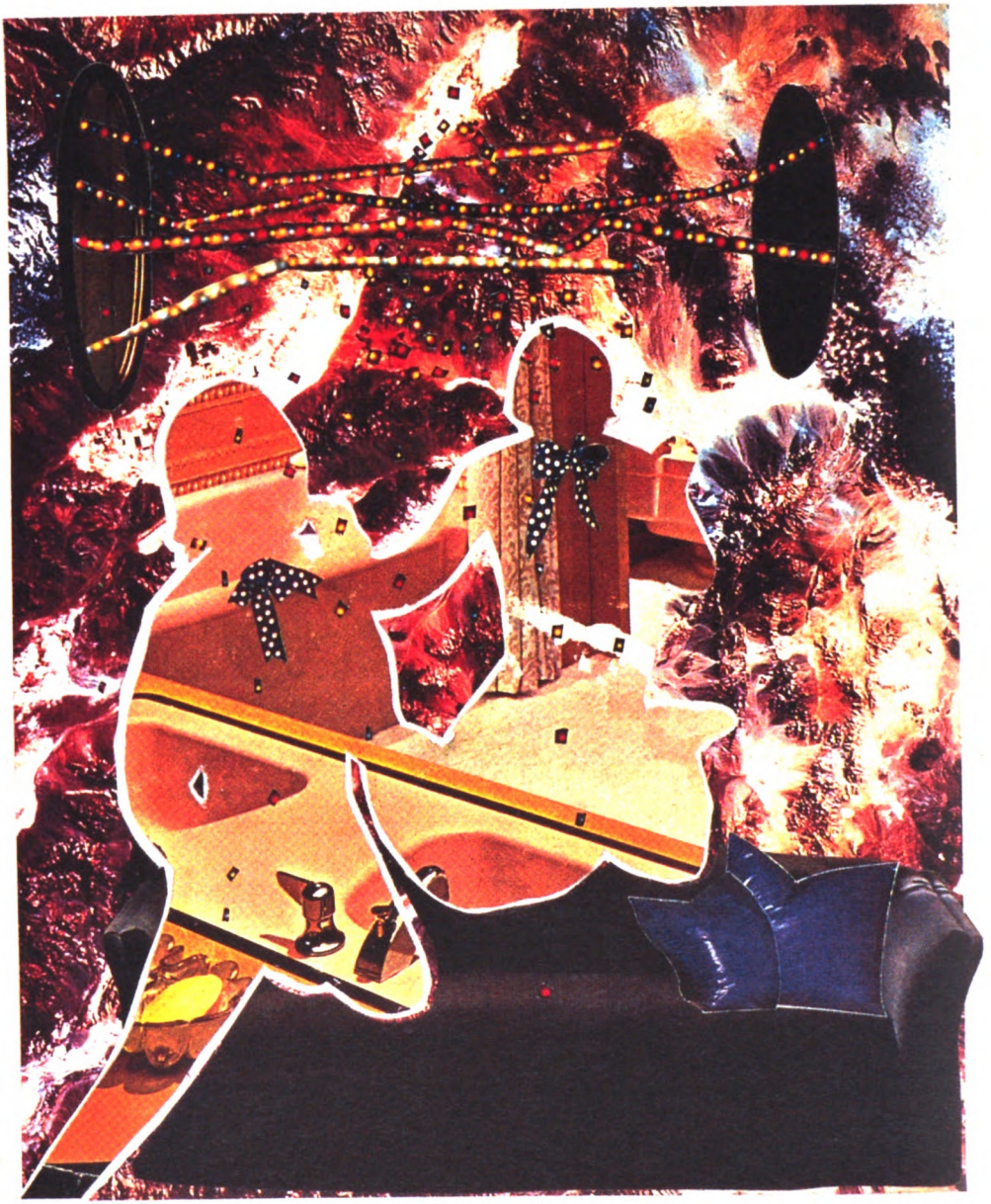

***Bow Ties, Three Gentlemen and a Black Couch*, 2003**
Color xerox on archival paper
16 1/2 x 10 in; 41.9 x 25.4 cm

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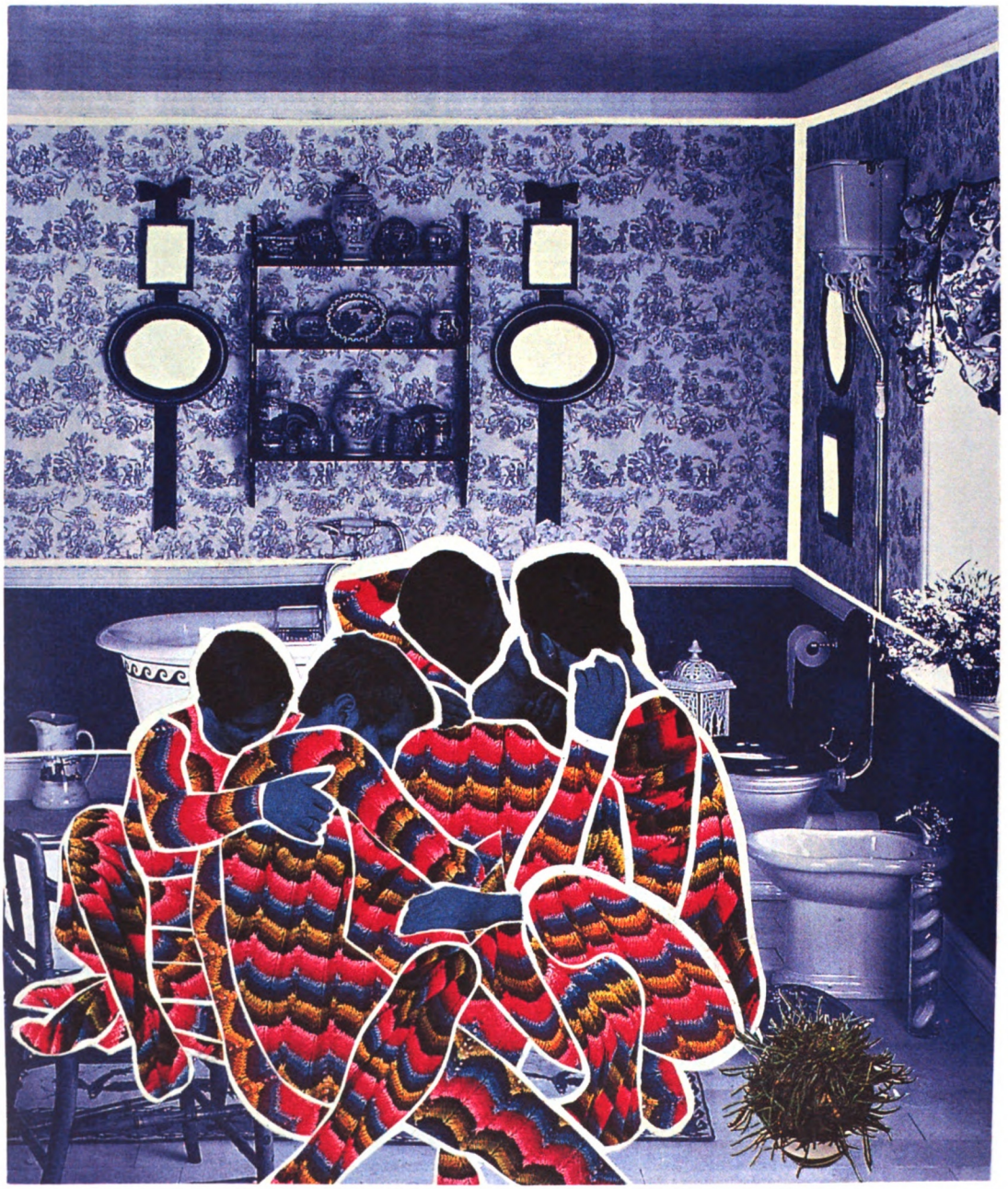

***Indigo Family Room with Group Embracing*, 2002**
Color xerox on archival paper
10 x 12 in; 25.4 x 30.5 cm

Holstad

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***Green Fern Bathroom*, 2002**
Color xerox on archival paper
10 x 12 in; 25.4 x 30.5 cm

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Flowers and Water, 2002
Color xerox on archival paper
19 x 11 3/4 in; 48.3 x 29.9 cm

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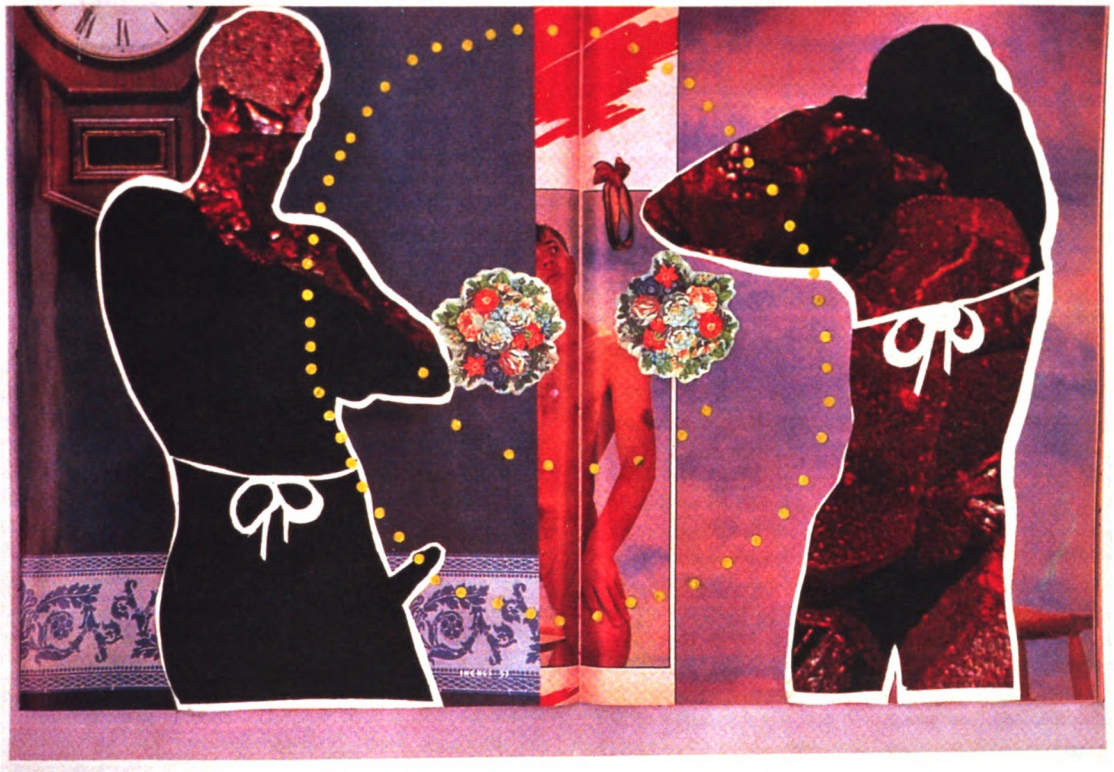

***Separated Red Gem Gentlemen with Single Guy Looking at Bow*, 2002**
Color xerox on archival paper
8 1/2 x 12 in; 21.6 x 30.5 cm

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I began my "gay research" in January 2002.

At the public library they have a section called the picture files, massive amounts of images in categorized files. The files are great. They are for people who can't deal with computers. They are to visual information what buses are to traveling. As a young midwesterner, I got hooked on flea markets, thrift stores, and estate sales. My favorite was the latter. I liked that it was usually one person's stuff set out in some order, like a table full of old pens or plates. It was there that I learned that everyone is an artist, or at least that art is everywhere. These sales started me on a lifetime of being a visual junkie. The public library picture files fulfill these same desires. It's a hodgepodge of printed images from different times and sources—ads, magazines, books, and product packaging. There are files on everything, really. Some files, "Utopia," for example, have only four or five images; others have to be broken down into subdirectories. Roses are found in the files "Flowers-Rose 1; 2; and 3". You are only allowed to pull out and go through three or four files at one time. This takes place at American lunchroom-style communal tables. You then make your selection. You are allowed to check out fifteen images from a category at a time.

I was making collages and needed older, dated images of bathrooms. They have these, as well as photos of just toilets and bathtubs. But while searching through them, I came across a file titled "Homosexuals." As soon as I found the "Homosexuals" files, I started to cringe. On my first round I took out only one, but on my next I brought all the rest of the "Homosexuals" files back to the table. I left that afternoon happy with my allowed fifteen images, and over the next few days I started to think about what I had seen.

The library is a government institution. I was told that the files "should be images that are as easily recognizable as their file description." Hence the librarians cut out images to fit these ideas. I am so glad when someone can do what I find too confusing to do.

When I was younger and first entered gay culture, I quickly came to see it as boring. It was like leaving one small closet for a larger one. At seventeen, I'd joined the "ball scene" in Minneapolis. There was dancing and vogueing, disco and house, and all kinds of characters. The black drag queens enthusiastically took me in, due to my dress style—I had long hair and wore shiny skirts. Although I took no drugs, I have very weird nightlife memories of this period. I stayed on the edge for a while—danced and looked and learned. But eventually, I left it thinking that everyone involved was shallow.

The "Homosexual" picture files are not there to give you some understanding of this kind of diversity in gay culture. Their function is to show easily recognizable images. Gays have created a culture that has always relied on costume codes to attract and inform others. The files work best as a stereotype welcome wagon. It doesn't matter that all drag queens aren't gay, it only matters that they are what is considered gay looking. It's really a narrowing of thought. I love it. Men and women already have a received idea of what their identities mean visually. Gay people section themselves off into an even smaller category of stereotypes. The library employees decide what looks gay in the books and magazines and shrink the category down further yet. It's a funnel.

When making this piece, I wanted to copy all of the "Homosexual" files the library had, in as short a time period as possible. But I was only allowed to take out fifteen images at a time. So I would select fifteen, check them out, run to Kinko's, copy them, run back, check them in, select fifteen new ones and repeat. I also wanted to copy them onto eleven-by-seventeen-inch cardstock because it is cheap and has some strength. The physical reality of all this was me running back and forth for days carrying the equivalent of two phonebooks. Within the "Homosexuals" files, the images dated from around the late 1800s to the present. The images I returned would be re-shelved, and I started losing track of what I had copied. In order to not repeat myself, I created my own categories: "Drag queens," "Porn," "AIDS," "Trying to Be Like Straight People (Passing)," "Military," "Art." The largest selection was "Gay Rights/ Protest."

The files are full of response-triggering pictures. I started out being very touched by a picture of a lawyer fighting for gay rights or romanticizing a certain time period. I felt joy, shame, depression, and even creepy bits of pride. But I didn't have time to really digest anything. I just xeroxed and xeroxed, and loaded up feelings, until I became numb and it was just stuff. When I finished the piece and began to go through it, I found a lamp. I looked at it for a bit, trying to find a penis carving or something, but couldn't see anything gay-referential at all. It was just misfiled but in the end it really made just as much sense as anything else.

Aleksandra, here in my mind is the idea we discussed that it only takes two people in agreement to create a reality.

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I had to be responsible to my choice of images. This was humiliating at times. I was looking through the material at a public table where there was no privacy and everyone sees what everyone else is looking at. I then had to present my selection to the librarians in order to check them out. One librarian would quickly shuffle through them; another would ask me straight out what I was doing. I started to try to act proud of my "choices," I failed. Then I would go to Kinko's where the people surrounding me were always in flux. I would copy my porn or rainbow flags or protest images, sandwiched in a line between grandmas and the business bored. Other artists would want to chat about art. "What are you doing?" became my least favorite question. I found xeroxing porn in front of elderly women shameful. I found xeroxing any of the file content in front of stereotypical gay people gross. The library became a cruising zone. I was approached in the bathroom. Just because I am working on this project doesn't mean I feel any camaraderie with anyone, not gay people or artists, or gay artists, for that matter. Pretty soon every third word crossing my brain was "gay." I began to realize at some point: I am homophobic.

["Homophobic: Christian Holstad Talks to Aleksandra Mir" was originally published on the Internet at http://www.aleksandramir.info/projects/homophobic/homophobic.html in 2002.]

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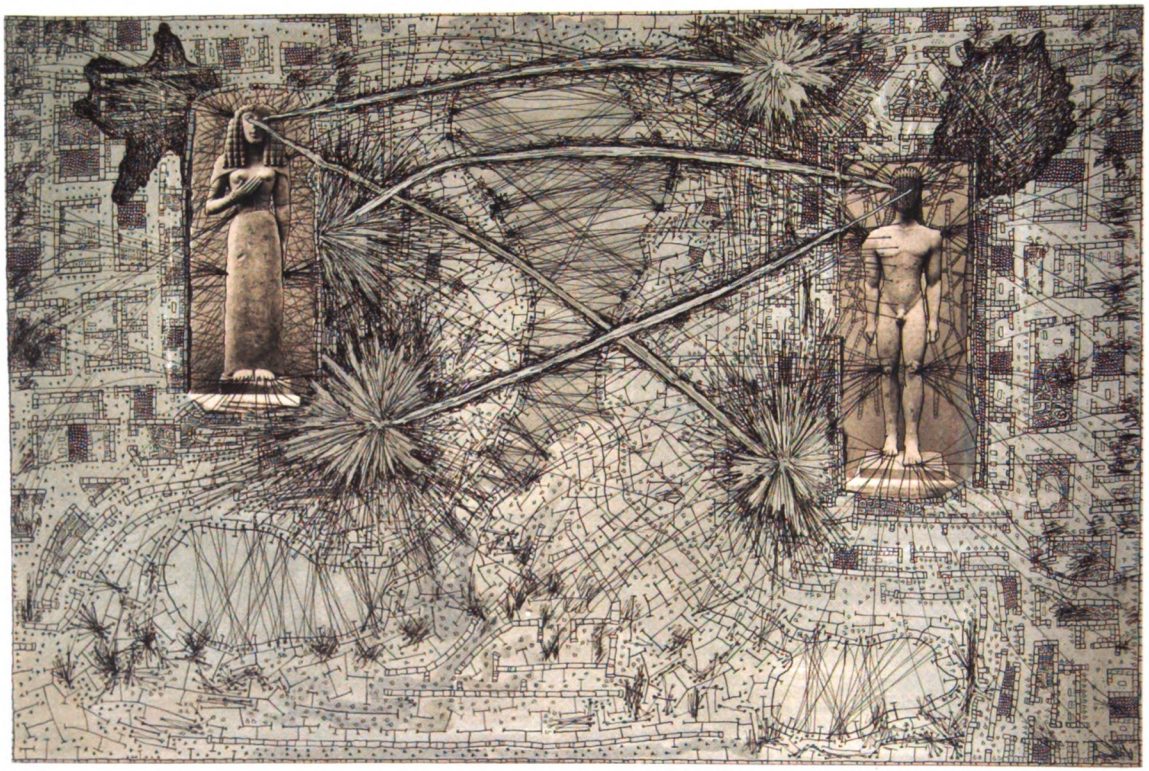

Kim Jones

***Untitled*, 1970s–1980s–1990s–2006**
Acrylic, ink and cut paper on paper
20 x 30 in; 50.8 x 76.2 cm

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***Untitled*, 1971–1972, 1997–2000, 2005**
Acrylic, ink and cut paper on paper
22 1/2 x 24 1/4 in; 57.2 x 61.6 cm

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***Untitled*, 1994–2004**
Acrylic and ink on color photograph
28 1/2 x 39 in; 72.4 x 99.1 cm

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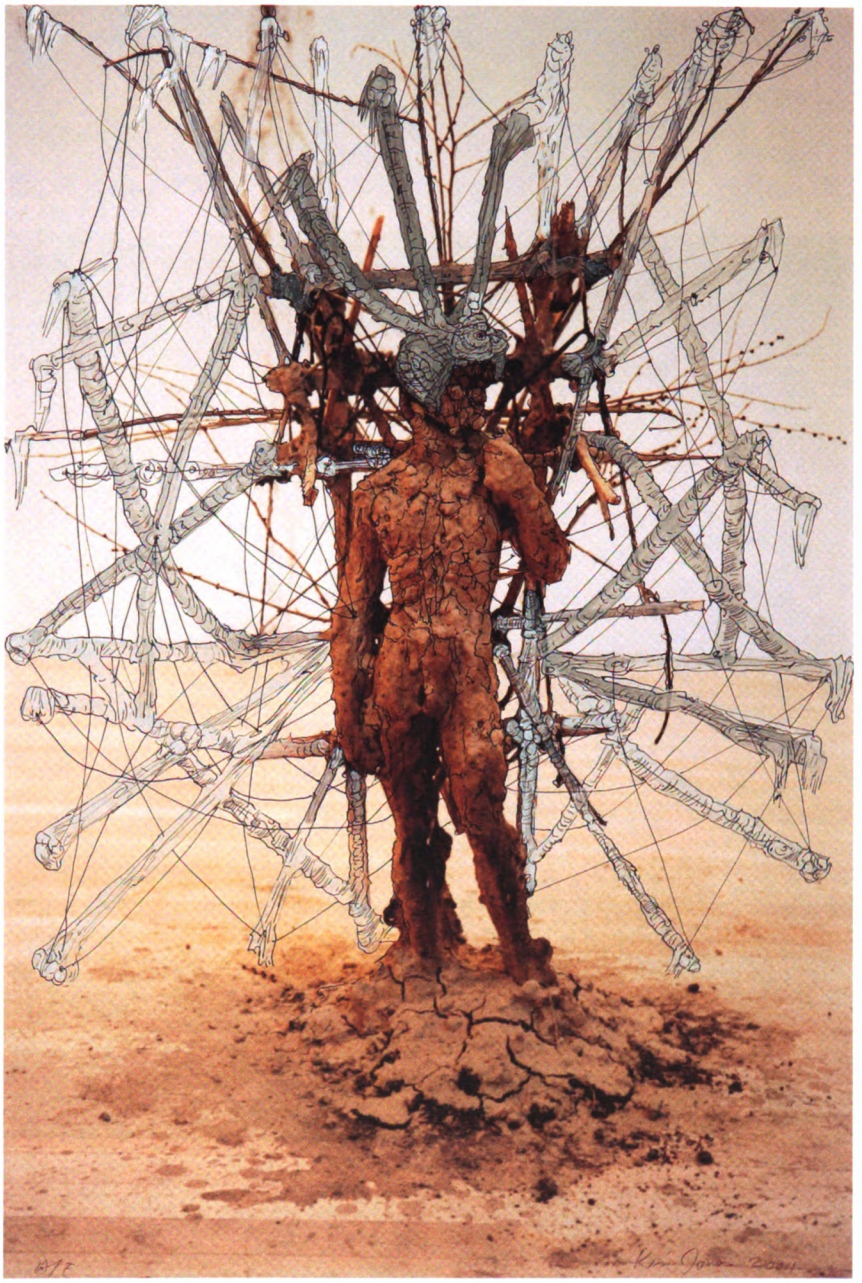

***Untitled*, 1991–2002**
Acrylic and ink on color photograph
24 x 16 1/4 in; 61 x 41.3 cm

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Untitled, 1991–2002
Acrylic and ink on color photograph
15 7/8 x 20 in; 40.3 x 50.8 cm

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***Untitled*, 1991–2002**
Acrylic and ink on color photograph
16 1/4 x 23 3/4 in; 41.3 x 59.7 cm

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***Untitled*, 1984–2006**
Acrylic and ink on photograph
10 1/8 x 8 in; 25.8 x 20.2 cm

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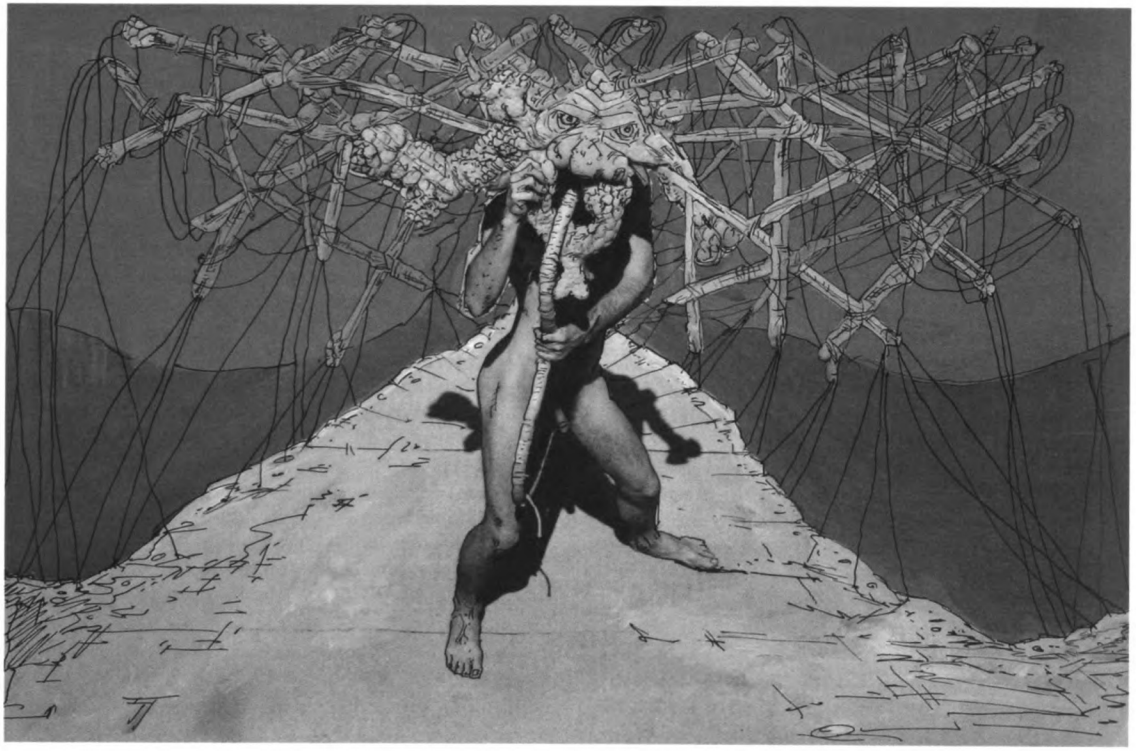

***Untitled*, 1974–2006**
Acrylic and ink on photograph
12 x 18 in; 30.5 x 45.7 cm

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i'm alone in the santa monica mountains. it's the month of may. i don't belong here. i prepare myself for the journey back to the city of los angeles. i need to live with rats. i take a bottle of rat shit and blood out of my bag. this is a gift from another time. the shit and blood are mixed with mud and rubbed all over my body.

i'm walking. it takes me 12 hours to reach macarthur park. i sit there and rest in the shade of a palm tree. war kidnapping and cannibalism this is what i think about as i look out across the lake. behind me a large group of rats are feeding. rats usually eat at night but this tribe likes to copy the habits of men. it is very peaceful.

i live with these rats. i watch them give birth grow to maturity and die. mary and her son moses are enjoying their midday meal. marine is sitting beside me. i knew her as a child rat now she is the mother of many sons. her oldest son mooney is playing tag with his friend mike an adolescent like himself. they race around a park bench taking playful nips at an old woman's legs. the old woman squeals with joy.

mary has moved to the edge of a large mound of trash. she is nibbling on a rotten mango. three adult male rats are moving slowly around the trash pile sniffing. mickey the top ranking male rat is sitting on top of the pile munching on an old mounds candy bar. i feel close to these rats. this must be where i belong.

suddenly a strong male scent surrounds me. i turn around looking for the source of this odor. two black eyes glare at me from a small bush nearby. wham. with a sudden lunge he slams against my back and charges off. this is moses marys son. he is at the brink of social maturity. it is typical adult male rat style to bully anything that looks female. because of my long hair he must think i'm a female. poor moses appears to be nervous. he is sniffing the dirt and walking in circles. i begin peeing as i walk slowly toward him. the little rat stops pacing and watches me. i continue peeing and get down on my hands and knees. i'm crawling toward him. i hold back a small amount of pee and let it go when i'm behind him. he sniffs it. we become close friends.

some of the social gestures i've noticed in this rat society are sniffing chewing and dancing. threatening gestures and calls are also used by my rat friends but only to let off steam. they are not mean. it just gets so hot and smoggy in the l.a. basin that the rats get moody. sometimes actual fights even break out. i believe these are caused by insecure and irresponsible members of society. i explain this to them over and over again. they always chew this idea over in their heads sniff a little and dance around my boots. i think they understand something.

lately i've discovered that fights between different rat communities are often characterized by extreme brutality and even death. the home range of the community i walk with is the city of l.a. the boundaries are regularly patrolled by adult male rats usually in groups of three. if a rat patrol meets up with a group from another community both sides after exchanging threats are likely to withdraw discreetly back into home ground. but if a single individual is encountered or a mother and child the patrolling rats will usually chase and if they can attack the stranger. this rat race must have great hometown pride. i ask them why. they only smile and look up at me with their many small black eyes. i think to myself there are more ways than i know to chew sniff and dance in this large world of ours.

i'm walking alone near third and main in downtown l.a. i see a small black form lying in the gutter. it's moses my little rat friend. he has been badly beaten and chewed up. this is obviously the work of an invading valley rat group. he is still alive. deep red marks are etched into his black fur. i sit on the curb and watch moses lick his wounds. mary and several other females come by and sniff him. the females are dancing back and forth on the sidewalk near us. i go into a macdonalds restaurant and buy a coke and donut to go. my friend in the gutter munches on the donut while i sip the coke. moses i whisper where is the law. we must have revenge. i will help you moses. we are the law. my little rat friend tips over the coke and begins chewing the ice cubes.

it is dark outside now. mary leads us to an all night movie theater. i pay for three adults. we sit in the back row. it is warm inside. i fall asleep. in the morning when i wake up mary is gone. moses has chewed a large hole in his seat and is sleeping in it. i leave him there and go outside.

i walk west on wilshire boulevard for a few hours alone. when i reach vermont avenue there is a rat patrol marching south. maybe this is the law and order group. i follow them. they look familiar. it's mike and mooney. how fast these rats grow. mickey is the leader. we finally reach the freeway heading west and march up the ramp. cars are slowing down to observe us as we walk along the freeway

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shoulder. we move slowly past a massive traffic jam on our left side. i barely manage to keep up with my little friends. at last we reach the san diego freeway and head toward the valley. my muscles are aching. i'm carrying the structure on my back. this slows me down. they seem to understand and stop for a few minutes. mickey walks up and sniffs my boots. mike and mooney sit and watch the cars zoom by. we are marching again. after a few hours the valley is in sight. we get off at the first valley exit.

the l.a. rat patrol immediately spots a small brown female rat sitting on top of a parked ford mustang. they attack her. poor valley rat doesn't have a chance. she just sits there and shits on herself. in a second mickey has her by the throat. mike and mooney each grab a leg. they all tumble off the car into the dirt. brown fur shit and blood are flying everywhere. after a few minutes the valley rat is dead. mickey bites off her tail and brings it to me. i reach down and pick it up. black l.a. rat eyes are watching me. seems like they want me to eat it. i open my mouth and swallow. it wiggles down my throat. i can feel it in my stomach like it's still alive. the rat patrol gets back on the freeway and heads home.

i'm sitting on the curb looking at the mangled body of the brown rat. i gather up the blood shit and fur scattered around her body. this is mixed with dirt and rubbed over my tired muscles. i begin walking through the valley. i will meet the valley rats. i want to know them.

["a story by kim jones: valley of death" was originally published in *High Performance* II, no. 4 (1979): 3–8.]

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Wangechi Mutu

***The Ark Collection*, 2006 (detail)**
Cut paper on postcards displayed in vitrines
40 x 62 x 23 in; 101.6 x 157.5 x 58.4 cm (each vitrine)

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***The Ark Collection*, 2006 (detail)**
Cut paper on postcards displayed in vitrines
40 x 62 x 23 in; 101.6 x 157.5 x 58.4 cm (each vitrine)

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Wangechi Mutu

New Museum: What happens between two images when they are joined or juxtaposed in your work?

WM: When images in my work merge, they participate in a raucous mating dance producing a stinky, sinister, gorgeous, little transgender fruit.

NM: Where do you find your images?

WM: I find my images everywhere they call to me from, often places selling overpriced cigarettes and pork skin snacks.

NM: Are you recycling, appropriating, stealing? How would you describe your putting together of images?

WM: All of the above and none really... I'm trying to slowly, thoughtfully vandalize and eradicate that profane notion that beauty is singular or objective.

NM: Do you feel connected to the tradition of collage?

WM: I'm not sure how to answer that, I need some time to think about that...

NM: Is collage a political medium? Is it an activist's medium?

WM: Collage is a little spell set out to administer doses of cultural insomnia that may encourage the handwork in art making to survive a couple more generations. I wish collage could stop a war or tear the wheels off a tanker in Tiananmen Square...

NM: Who owns the images you use?

WM: We do.

[May 2007]

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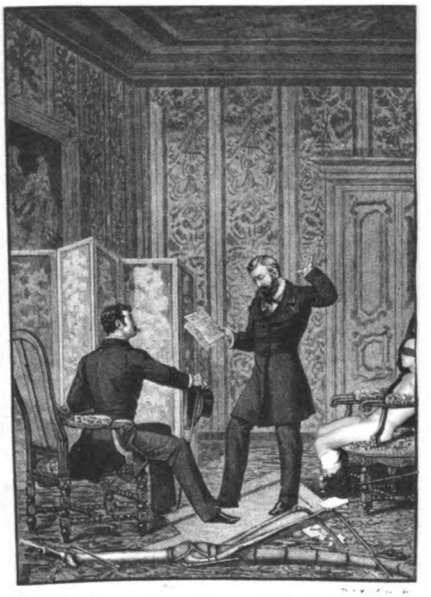
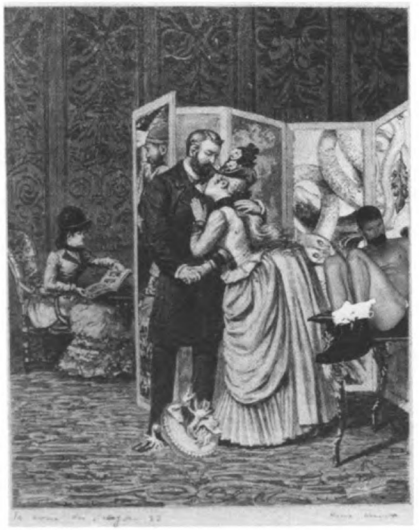
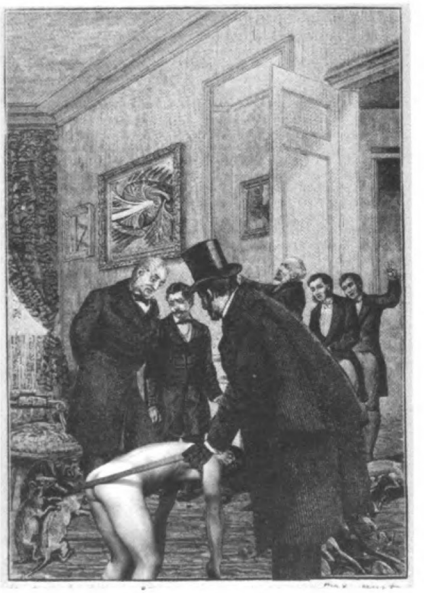
417 [Tafel 99]



409 [Tafel 87]



413 [Tafel 94]



418 [Tafel 101]

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407 [Tafel 83]

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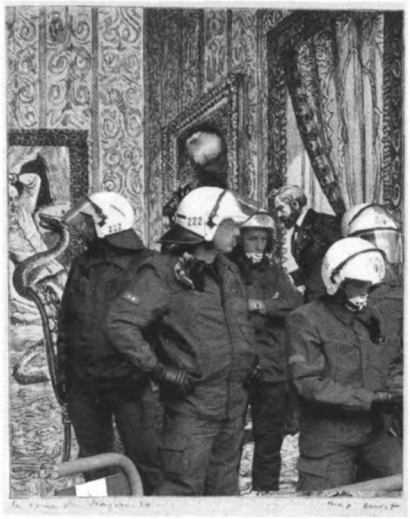

414 [Tafel 95]

415 [Tafel 97]

436 [Tafel 152]

Olesen

***Anthologie de l'Amour Sublime*, 2003–2007**
(top six images on spread from the chapter "Aus dem kapitalistisch-familialistischen Interieur")
Cut paper and c-prints

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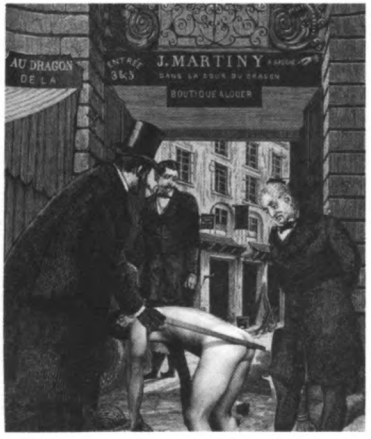
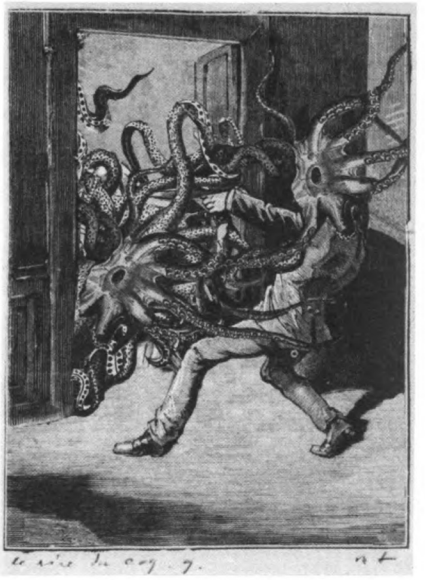
416 [Tafel 98]

175





431 [Tafel 143]

***Anthologie de l'Amour Sublime*, 2003–2007**
(middle two images on spread from the chapter "Väter und Söhne")
Cut paper and c-prints

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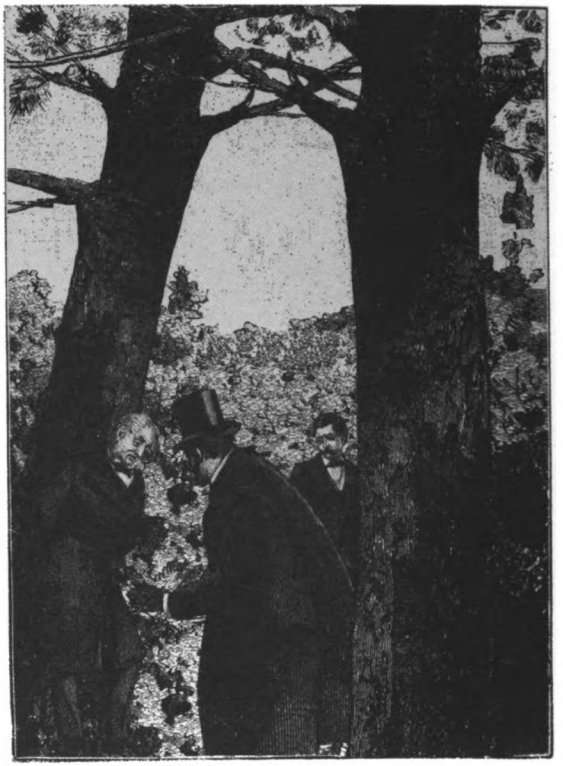
422 [Tafel 111]



422 [Tafel 111]

Anthologie de l'Amour Sublime, 2003–2007
(top four images on spread from the chapter "Der Spaziergang")
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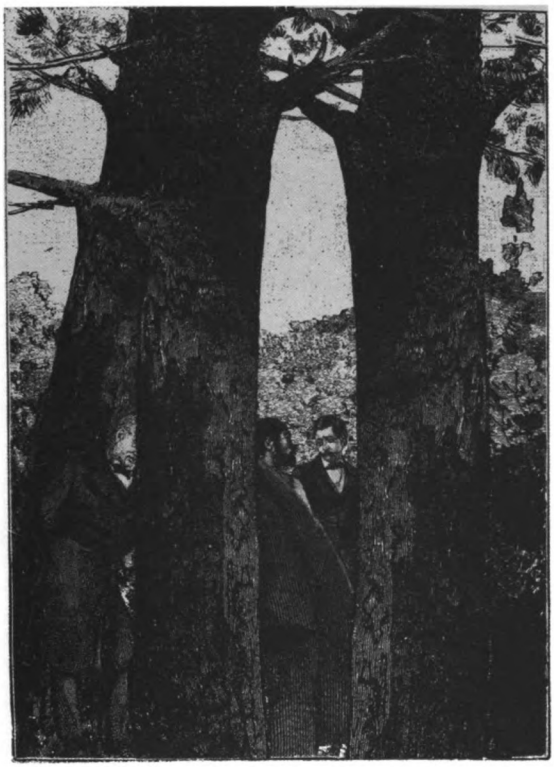

422 [Tafel 111]

422 [Tafel 111]

22- durch waschkrachen wird man den zauber der verschwiegenen wonnen und wunden erhoben. Tafel 19

***Anthologie de l'Amour Sublime*, 2003–2007**
(from the chapter "Aus dem kapitalistisch-familialistischen Interieur")
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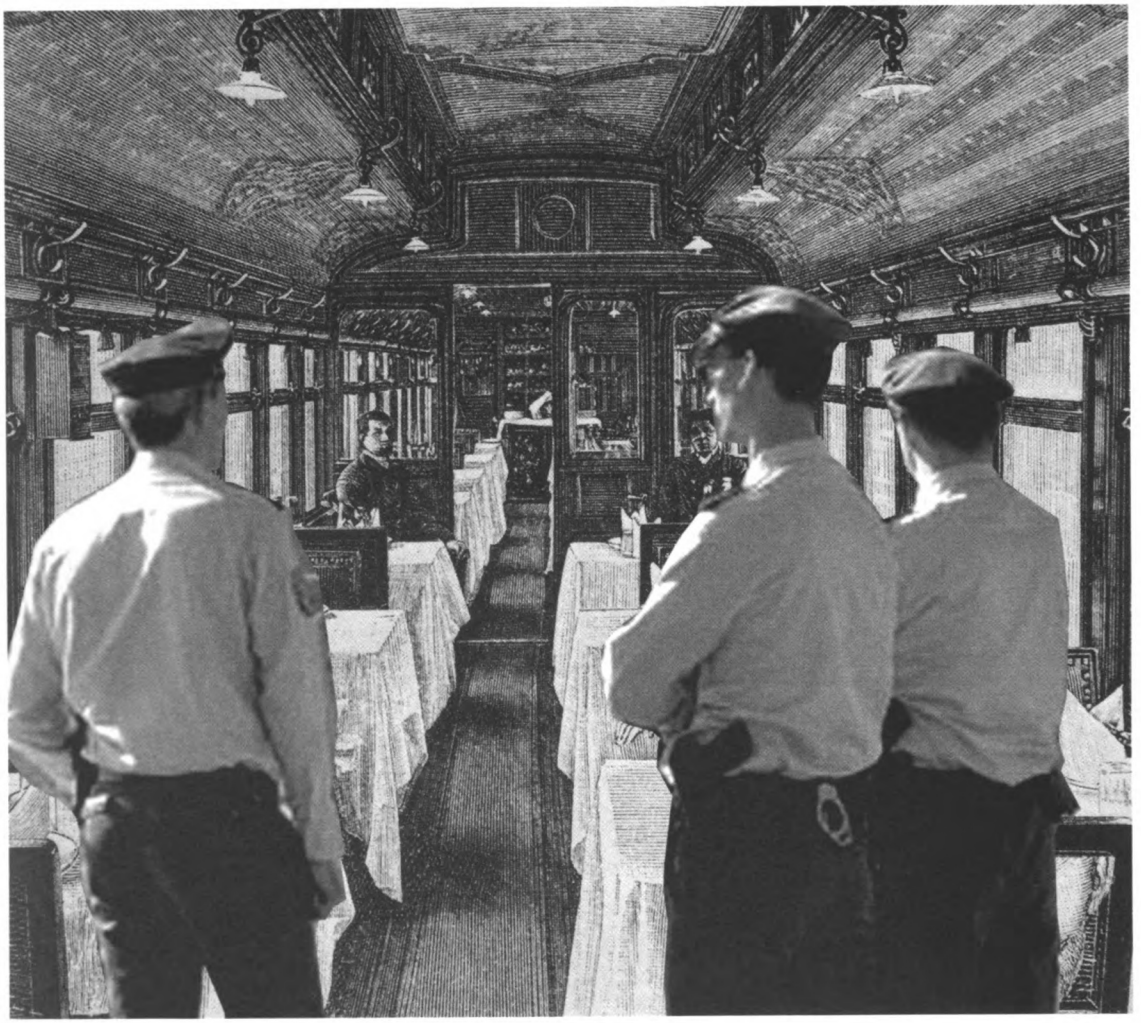

Anthologie de l'Amour Sublime, 2003–2007
(from the chapter "Aus dem kapitalistisch-familialistischen Interieur")
Cut paper and c-prints

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264 der wunderbare fischzug, jubel und liebe, [Tafel 96]

266 seelenfrieden, [Tafel 100]

Anthologie de l'Amour Sublime, 2003–2007
(from the chapter "Väter und Söhne")
Cut paper and c-prints

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Henrik Olesen: References to a collage book made 2002–2003

"One does not dream like this, no-one dreams like this"[1]

"The late pictures of sailors urinating have the quality of intimate confessions or a memoir discovered long after its author has passed away."[2]

In his lifetime, the homoerotic watercolors of Charles Demuth were shown only to a small circle of viewers and intimate friends. They were not intended for public viewing, unlike, for instance, Marcel Duchamp's *Fountain* (1917).

When Charles Demuth settled into New York's Greenwich Village in 1914 he befriended Duchamp, who often accompanied him to the city's more transgressive nightclubs and salon gatherings where Freudian theories of sexuality were being eagerly debated. As pointed out by Jonathan Weinberg in discussing the work of Demuth, ironically Duchamp—who appeared in drag as Rrose Sélavy, and whose own work contains sexual innuendo—warned specifically against giving too much weight to the issue of sexuality because it threatened the integrity of the work of art:

"The little perverse tendency that he had was not important in Demuth's life. After all, everybody has a little perverse tendency in him. That quality in him had nothing to do with the quality of his work. It had nothing to do with his art."[3]

MODERNAPHOBIC

The surrealist salons, Dada's Cabaret Voltaire, and the situationist's cut-up map of Paris were all artistic spaces or investigations that preceded the conceptual- and post-modern art movements. But it is significant that even the most avant-garde, experimental (heterosexual) groups didn't attract explicit visual homosexual cultural production or vice versa.

Superbly documented, the surrealists were notorious for their homophobia. In the first session of the legendary "Recherches sur la Sexualité," on January 27, 1928, at 54, Rue de Château, Paris, the following conversation took place:

Benjamin Péret: What do you think of homosexuality?
Raymond Queneau: From what point of view? Moral?
Benjamin Péret: If you like?
Raymond Queneau: If two men love each other, I have no moral objections to their physical relations.

Protests from André Breton, Benjamin Péret, and Pierre Unik
Pierre Unik: From a physical point of view I find homosexuality as disgusting as excrements and from a moral point of view I condemn it.
Raymond Queneau: It is evident to me that there is an extraordinary prejudice against homosexuality among the surrealists.
André Breton: I accuse homosexuals of confronting human tolerance with a mental and moral deficiency which tends to turn itself into a system and to paralyze every enterprise I respect.
The debate continues until Breton makes a final threat of leaving:
André Breton: Do people want me to abandon this discussion? I am quite happy to demonstrate my obscurantism on this subject.[4]

I will not eat that sort of bread

Death to the Pigs is the only book in English that documents the poems and texts of Benjamin Péret. Parallel to a lot of his celebrated prose, it consists of political poems, love poems, letters from the Spanish civil war, and polemical and critical essays.

In the poem "André Gide's Convention" (ca.1926–1936), the communist youth song "Young Guard" is put into the mouth of André Gide. Intended as a snide witticism about homosexual Gide's connection to the communist party, Péret posits Gide enjoying fellatio while being strangled by a communist (penis-) hammer:

Mister Comrade Gide
sings the "young guard" between his arse and his shirt-tails
and tells himself it's time to flash his belly like a red flag
communist
a bit a lot all his heart
not at all
answer the balls of the choirboys he depilates
like a tomato rocked by the wind
Mister Comrade Gide makes a hell of a red flag
....
Oh yes Mister Comrade Gide
You'll have the hammer and sickle
the sickle through you guts
and the hammer down your throat[5]

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"André Gide's Convention" was first published by Editiones Surréalistes in the book *Je ne mange pas de ce pain-lá* (1936), translated as "I will not eat that sort of bread," idiomatically: "I'd rather starve" or "I won't stand for it." The book was illustrated by Max Ernst and published in 249 copies.

I went to the Max Ernst Museum in Brühl and I was able to see an original edition of *Je ne mange pas de ce pain-lá*. Placed in a glass showcase next to some family photographs of Max Ernst, the book was opened to a page with a graphic of Max Ernst illustrating a skull.

You are under arrest, Sir

HANNOVER-DADA
KÜMMERNISSPIELE / EIN DRAMATISCHER ENTWURF

a. Mein Herr:
b. Bitte!
a. Sie sind verhaftet.
b. Nein.
a. Mein Herr, Sie sind verhaftet.
b. Nein.
—Kurt Schwitters[6]

In 2002 I was working on an exhibition at the Sprengel Museum in Hannover.

My starting point was established in the Museums collection of works by Kurt Schwitters and Max Ernst; in particular in two collages books by Ernst, *La femme 100 têtes* (The Hundred Headless Woman, 1929) and *Une semaine de bonté* (A Week of Kindness, 1934). Both books fall back on reproduced material derived from late nineteenth-century, German illustrations and folklore.

Following a period of studying the collages, my obsession with the avant-garde departed from surrealism and the unconscious. I became focused on the compulsive heterosexuality that exists in this material. I started to drag out the historic specificity and references of the two books, not only of the times when the two books were produced (the late twenties and thirties) but also back to the late nineteenth-century illustrations that were originally used by Ernst.

I must be dreaming: the beginning of a modernistic discourse

In *The History of Sexuality*, Foucault dated the birth of homosexuality (as a discursive category) to C. Westphal's article "Die conträre Sexualempfindung" (Contrary Sexual Sensation) published in: *Archiv für Psychiatrie und Nervenkrankheiten*, no. 2 (1870).

The Paragraph 175—making homosexual acts between males a crime (known formally as §175 StGB; also known as Section 175 in English)—was a provision of the German Criminal Code, taking effect from the 15 May 1871, one year after the article by C. Westphal.

The Paragraph 175 existed until the 10th of March 1994.

Paragraph 175

[edit] Version of May 15, 1871

§ 175 Unnatural fornication

Unnatural fornication, whether between persons of the male sex or of humans with beasts, is to be punished by imprisonment; a sentence of loss of civil rights may also be passed.

[edit] Version of June 28, 1935

§ 175 Lewdness between men

I. A man who engages as the active or passive partner in lewdness with another man is to be punished by imprisonment.

II. With an involved party who at the time of the act had not yet reached the age of twenty-one years, the Court can refrain from punishment in mild cases.

§ 175a Severe lewdness (Schwere Unzucht)

A punishment of up to ten years in the penitentiary, and even with mitigating circumstances no less than three months imprisonment for:

1. a man, who by force or by threat of harm to life and limb forces another man to engage in such an act as either the active or passive partner;

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2. a man, who by abusing a dependency founded in a service-, work-, or employment-based relationship coerces another man into engaging in such an act as either the active or passive partner;

3. a man over twenty-one years old who entices a male under twenty-one years old to engage in such an act as either the active or passive partner;

4. a man who professionally offers himself for such an act as either the active or passive partner.

§ 175b Bestiality

Unnatural fornication of a man with a beast is to be punished by imprisonment; a sentence of loss of civil rights may also be passed.

click (on) select

copy cut paste print (out)

Cut/ Uncut: Reconstructing sexual history in the style of Max Ernst

Anthologie de l'Amour sublime is a collage book that manipulates the two collage books *La femme 100 têtes* and *Une semaine de bonté* by Max Ernst into telling a history of homosexuality in a period of time from late nineteenth to early twentieth century.

ANTHOLOGIE DE L'AMOUR SUBLIME

Tangle, which sweaty underarm escapes.
Bent forward, he thunders! Sibie screamed out, by nature immensely.
Hemiglobes upwards.
Now burning pedal brushes (delightful!) an elsewhere-caressed
Abdomen. An omen.
Unsurpassed licks his fattest thighs along, Isidor.
O how I love life's rabble! (In the evening, naturellement.)
—Walter Serner

INHALT

I 1870, 1905 [Erfingung der Homosexualität]
II Je ne mange pas de ce pain-là, 1871
III Vater-Mutter-Kind
IV Ende der Welt
V Anfagng der Welt
VI Aus dem kapitalistisch-familialistischen Interieur
VII Angriff der Papa-Mama-Ich-Maschine
VIII L'intérieur de la vue. 8 poèmes visible
IX Der Spaziergang
X Väter und Söhne
XI Abschied von den Eltern
XII Die Verwandlung

CONTENTS

I 1870, 1905 [The Invention of Homosexuality]
II Je ne mange pas de ce pain-là, 1871
III Father-Mother-Child
IV The End of the World
V From the Beginning of the World
VI Images from the Interior of Capitalistic Familialism
VII The Papa-Mama-I-Machine Attacks
VIII L'intérieur de la vue. 8 poèmes visible
IX The Walk
X Fathers and Sons
XI Farewell, My Parents!
XII Metamorphosis

[Henrik Olesen, June 2007]

Notes

1. Theodor W. Adorno, "Looking Back on Surrealism," in *The Idea of the Modern in Literature and the Arts*, ed. Irving Howe (New York: Horizon Press, 1968), 220–224.
2. Jonathan Weinberg, "Demuth's Erotic Watercolors," in *Speaking For Vice: Homosexuality in the Art of Charles Demuth, Marsden Hartley, and the First American Avant-Garde* (New Haven, CT, and London: Yale University Press, 1995), 108.
3. Marcel Duchamp, "Interview with Marcel Duchamp at New York City, January 21, 1956," in Emily Farnham, *Charles Demuth: His Life, Psychology and Works* (PhD diss., Ohio State University, 1959), 973, quoted in Weinberg, *Speaking For Vice*, xiii.
4. José Pierre, ed., *Investigating Sex. Surrealist Research 1928–1932*, trans. Malcolm Imrie (London and New York: Verso, 1991), 5
5. Benjamin Péret, *Death to the Pigs. Selected Writings of Benjamin Péret*, trans. and ed. Rachel Stella (London. Atlas Press, 1988), 33.
6. Reprinted in Kurt Schwitters, *Eile ist des Witzes Weile* (Stuttgart: Reclam Verlag, 1995).

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Martha Rosler

Cellular **(from the "Bringing the War Home: House Beautiful" Series), 2004**
Photomontage
20 x 24 in; 50.8 x 61 cm

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Photo Op **(from the "Bringing the War Home: House Beautiful" Series), 2004**
Photomontage
20 x 24 in; 50.8 x 61 cm

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Collage is a fiction, a productive fiction. Many creations are cobbled together that might be called collage, and sometimes these concoctions are intended to deceive; their fiction is presented as a true record of facts in the world. I am not interested in deceptions: quite the opposite. Collage, for me, suspends the perceiver between the possible and the impossible or the unlikely. I am interested in all kinds of collages, but the kinds that interest me most draw attention to spatiality, to the spatial dimension. That can mean an improbable relation of the fragments not only to each other but possibly also to the space within the frame, creating a "no space" or a contradictory one. Such a fantasia suits me just fine. But I love the opposite even more: the creation of something that is spatially plausible, in which the construct within the frame obeys the laws of gravity and proportion, not to mention perspective and size commensurability. I want to be welcomed into the frame, to have a place to stand within it.

But entering the frame is a beginning, not an ending. The viewer may be drawn in, to look around and, I hope, will go on to consider how the elements got together. My work poses a question, but it doesn't generally offer the answer. The frame's open edge sends the viewer out again, unclosing the finality of the work, which becomes a proposition in which one plus one leads to something entirely different. The presence of intruding elements within a scene, for example, writes a whole new view of the world and its workings. For those who care to make a diagnosis, the montage invites you to perform an analysis, but there is always a simple shock of collision to begin with.

The works ruffle the taxonomy by which we understand our world: categories of home, war zones, oil paintings, advertising of various kinds, pornography, you name it. The spatial comfort of these constructed works is belied by the discomfort of the details, in which two (or more) discourses are visibly made to collide, whether it is a host of presuppositions about entitlement, citizenship, moral superiority, good intentions, or propriety, or simply the emergence into visibility of an unconscious desire for exhibitionistic/voyeuristic gratification, rupturing the surface with the previously hidden, ripping a seam into a seamless tale.

My collages—photomontages, properly—mostly begin as printed matter, drawn from public or published sources. It is important to stress that in general these works of mine find their public life as photomontages, de-emphasizing the work of the hand; yet many of the flaws of the originals, including page joins and color shifts, are retained. So these works are already about how we picture things, and about ways of reaching a mass public in the modern world. These works do not have words in them (except for the words retained from some source materials, such as advertisements), because virtually every image from a published source entails a text already known in advance. These are the discourses that are dragged into conflict with one another when the disparate visual elements cohabit within the frame.

It is the creation of space itself that is often the underlying issue: the activation of the idea of spaces created for specific purposes and "readings" by our society. Yet I prefer the word montage to collage because it suggests an additional dimension, that of time; and time can also be bent, extenuated, or abridged. Montage, a far less static term than collage, also returns attention to the printed or published source. It suggests sequences held together by things other than glue. It is not for nothing that collage (montage) was declared the quintessential medium of the twentieth century, but we seem to have simply extended the franchise forward. It is a truism that fragmentation besets modernity, and collage/montage is a symptom, a strategy, and a form of resistance.

[Martha Rosler, May 2007]

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Nancy Spero

***The Hours of the Night II*, 2001**
Handprinted and printed papers on paper, eleven panels
9 x 22 ft; 2.7 x 6.7 m (overall, approx.)

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The Hunt, 1997
Handprinted and printed papers on paper
25 1/2 x 74 3/4 in; 64.8 x 189.9 cm

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***On View*, 1997**
Handprinted and printed papers on paper
19 1/2 x 72 1/2 in; 49.5 x 184.2 cm

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Azur, 2002 (detail)
Handprinted and printed papers on paper, thirty-nine panels
2 x 277 ft; .6 x 84.4 m (overall, approx.)

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***Azur*, 2002 (detail)**
Handprinted and printed papers on paper, thirty-nine panels
2 x 277 ft; .6 x 84.4 m (overall, approx.)

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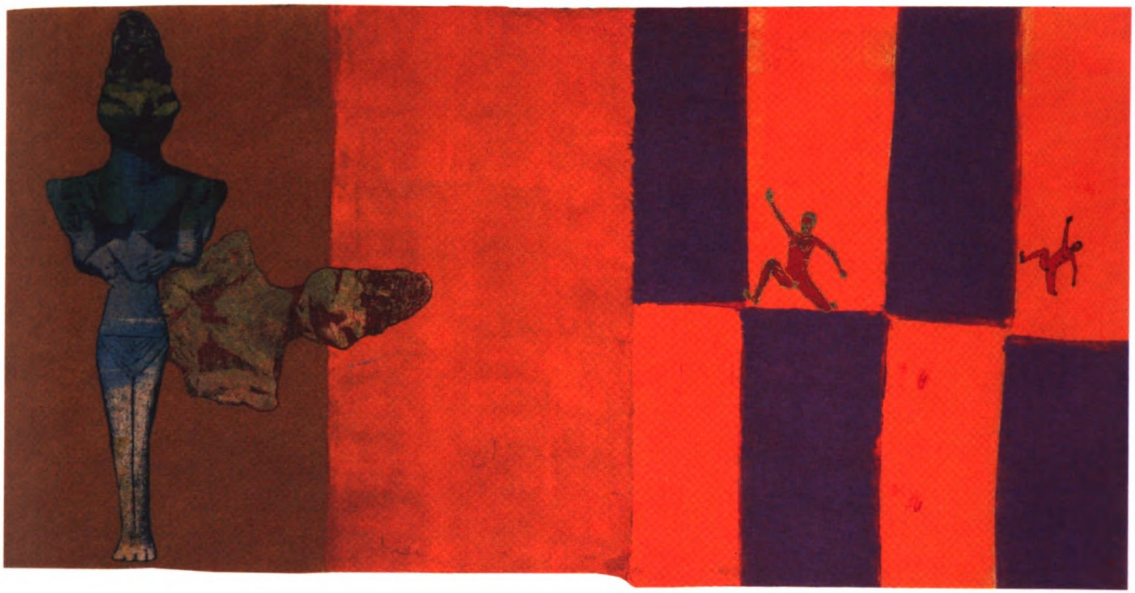

Antipodes II, 1997 (detail)
Handprinted and printed papers on paper
19 1/2 x 98 in; 49.5 x 248.9 cm

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***Josephine*, 2002**
Printed papers on paper
24 1/4 x 23 in; 61.6 x 58.4 cm

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New Museum: Why do you use collage?

NS: Collage is a really open format. It gives me so much freedom. I can change my mind. It's a continuous work-in-progress.

Even if the subject is really serious, like in the "Torture of Women" series, it diffuses somehow. I can choose the images I want to give the work a character or emphasis.

NM: Did you look at other art?

NS: I looked at them but they didn't give me anything in terms of myself and my work—Dada, maybe a little arte povera—but they aren't a reference.

NM: When did you begin to collage?

NS: I don't really remember how I got into it. There are small elements in the *War Paintings* (1966–1970). Collage is something that isn't precious, the *War Paintings* were like manifestoes, but the irony is that, in the end, they became precious objects anyway.

NM: How do you get your images?

NS: I see them, but I don't search for them. I find them in books, art books, sometimes in the media. I see something, and then I photograph it—blow it up, there was a place on Union Square, a commercial place that made large Photostats that I used to make the printing plates. Sometimes my intimate friends and family find images for me—Leon (Golub) found a bunch of images for me. He found the image of the Victim of the Gestapo. Leon always read intensely. He would see images and say "this is something for you." Once my sister sent me a figure, the one with her arms in the air, I'm not sure if it was in triumph or in mourning.

I see them everywhere and anywhere—in the history of art, in newspapers, in magazines.

NM: Are you recycling, appropriating, stealing?

NS: Absolutely I'm recycling and appropriating. I don't think of it as stealing. I think that the way I recycle them and add things changes them. For example, I added two breasts to Sheela-na-gig.

Sometimes when I'm in the doctor's office and I look through magazines (I've been in lots of doctors' offices) I see an image. Sometimes I tear it out, and sometimes I ask if I can borrow it.

The figure I was speaking about—the Victim of the Gestapo—is from a history book, but it is so transformed by my working on it and printing it and putting it in a new context that it is a different image. It is an extension of the life of the image.

When I saw the photograph of Marlene Dietrich—before she went to Hollywood, before she slimmed down so much, the one in which she is wearing a man's suit—I suddenly thought, "She's a modern day goddess."

[May 2007]

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John Stezaker

***Film Portrait (Incision) II*, 2005**
Photo-collage
7 3/4 x 6 in; 19.7 x 15.3 cm

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***Film Portrait (Incision) IV*, 2005**
Photo-collage
7 3/4 x 6 in; 19.7 x 15.3 cm

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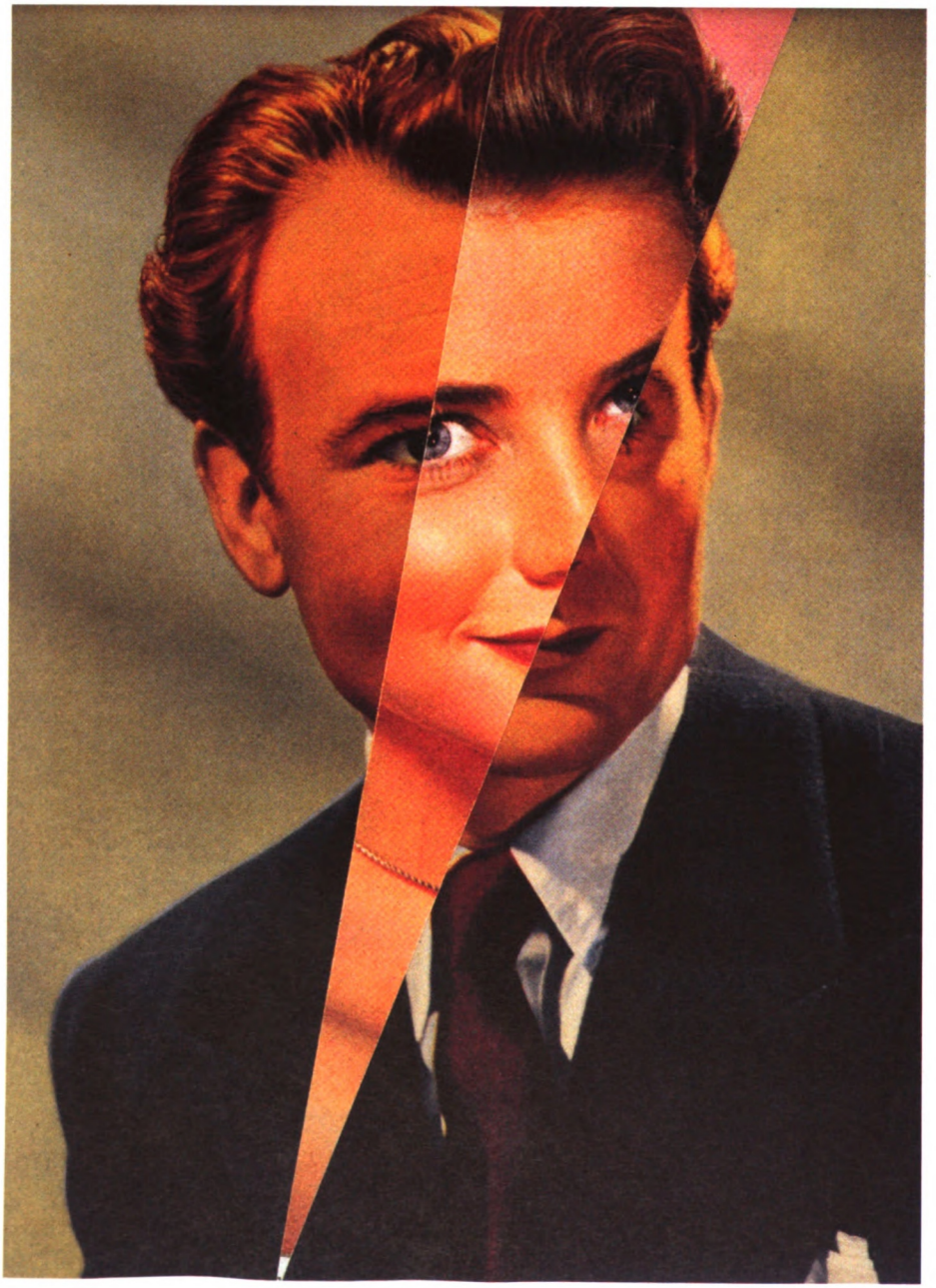

Film Portrait (Incision) V, 2005
Photo-collage
7 3/4 x 5 1/2 in; 19.7 x 14 cm

Stezaker

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Film Portrait (She) I, 2005
Photo-collage
9 1/4 x 7 3/4 in; 23.5 x 19.7 cm

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Film Portrait (She) XIV, 2005
Photo-collage
9 x 7 3/4 in; 22.9 x 19.7 cm

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***Film Portrait (Split) IV 'Eve'*, 2005**
Photo-collage
7 3/4 x 5 in; 19.7 x 12.7 cm

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Untitled (Film Portrait), 2005
Photo-collage
12 1/4 x 10 in; 31 x 25.5 cm

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***Marriage II*, 2006**
Photo-collage
9 1/2 x 12 in; 24 x 30.5 cm

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KF: Much of your work seems not really to involve collage so much as an economy of cutting and removing.

JS: Yes, and this is something that occurred to me very early on as what I saw as an apocalyptic possibility for art: that it could be reduced to a process of subtraction from the media image. Have you seen the postcard fragment that I used in "The End" from the early '70s? It's a picture of Big Ben with an unreal, "apocalyptic" sunset—the result of a combination of atmospheric pollution and the degradation of the printing plates. The original was one of those giant postcards sold in souvenir shops of a scene of the Thames and Westminster with Big Ben in the corner. I cut this postcard-sized fragment from the original: I thought of it as a cinematic zoom in. The image has been in my possession since my teens and I kept it on the mantelpiece wherever I lived as a student (and after) as a reminder of this apocalyptic possibility of an art subsumed by popular culture. It took a decade for this possibility to become a reality in my practice.

So by the early '70s I had decided that I did not want to add to the world of images but only to intervene in what was already there. At the time I felt there was a revelatory or apocalyptic dimension to this unmediated relationship with the readymade image. But also perhaps the *found* represented something potentially redemptive. On the one hand I wanted to find an absolute basis of what art could do in image terms in the representation of what was already *there*, of this encounter with the real. On the other I felt I had discovered, in this merger with the culture of images, a potentiality for salvage, or of a redemptive relationship with the found image in that minimum sense of separation.

The challenge was to represent the vantage point of the consumer rather than that of the producer of images, and to evolve a practice that never departed from the position of the consumer whilst somehow betraying something of the strangeness of that vantage point. In *The Third Mind*, William Burroughs describes the feeling of paranoia induced by "really looking" at what is before our eyes on an everyday level, in what he called the "naked lunch" of consumption. In this sense the encounter with the readymade can be a convulsive moment of revelation within the universal blindness that the consumption of images has become: a glimmer of consciousness within the unconsciousness of image reception. In this respect I felt I was using the found image in a reverse way from the surrealists. I wanted to *make conscious*, to save the viewer from unconsciousness rather than release the viewer to it. At the time (in the '70s) I found Jung's idea of the collective unconsciousness useful in thinking about the collectivized unconsciousness of media or image consumption. I thought of the readymade image as a kind of shadow manifestation of the commodity image and of media unconsciousness. In the same way that we've unconsciously created nuclear armaments, we've created a culture of images. In both senses it is a culture headed by and heading to death.

KF: So is your appropriation of images a way of prospecting into a kind of collective unconsciousness, into a dream life of society?

JS: Yes, and I started with a belief in a redemptive dimension to this process of prospecting. I felt I was searching for the archetypal amidst the stereotypical. What if the stereotype represents truth rather than falsity? These days I'm less convinced by the promise of such connections.

LM: I've always said that I'm interested in art because things emerge in it a little bit before they become part of a mass consciousness. Maybe it's because the artist is working alone, but I've found that even in a provincial art school you can feel certain things beginning to happen before one comes across them in the media. But it is also the sense that art itself has a history contained within it, one that is important because it's a history that is getting lost: one only knows about it or has clung on to it because of these representations.

JS: I feel that art best represents a state of consciousness or of memory in a culture of amnesia. With an increasing acceleration of image-consumption we seem to be entering an Alzheimer phase in cultural history. From the very beginnings of media culture (with the advent of cinema) the dominant mode of image-consumption became unconscious. After all, it is physically impossible to consciously apprehend an image in 1/24th of a second. In many ways the process of watching has become a process of forgetting. Milan Kundera's *Book of Laughter and Forgetting* explores this aspect of a totalitarian panoptic culture in Eastern Europe. The book addresses the ultimate power of censorship (forgetting), the way identities, lives and historical events can be erased from collective memory as deposed historical figures

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are airbrushed out of official photographs and out of history. But interestingly Kundera ended up recognizing a much more powerful amnesiac force in the excessive proliferation of images in the West than in the censorial control of the East.

KF: You obviously tend to remember what the original source was for each one of your images, while the viewer doesn't. Does that original context matter at all?

JS: Yes. The viewer does get a generalized sense of the source but, as you point out, not the particularity of the image or of its original context.

There have been occasions when I've wanted to explore details of this sort, or of the particular nature of my encounter with certain images. I'm currently looking at ways of communicating this neglected dimension of the encounter as a way of particularizing the contexts of engagement with found images. I've been doing some research into the authorship of anonymous photographs and into the context of the production of some of my main image sources—film still production, the *photo-roman*, and so on. In the process I'm discovering all sorts of strange things about the circumstances in which the images were produced which have exerted an intuitive fascination on me. At this stage it's difficult to say whether this is any more than a personal interest.

There are also a lot of images which for (often superstitious) reasons I feel I cannot use in my work—and thus violate—precisely because they are the images I most treasure in my collection, and often because of some uncanny connection they have made with my life. A close attention to the circumstances of my encounter with images often gives me the conviction that images find me rather than the other way around—that they are somehow predestined to appear or manifest themselves under the particular circumstances of my life.

In their everyday circulation, images "disappear into their use." In obsolescence (the death of the commodity), they *appear*. The collection gives visibility to the image; it is a kind of *after-life* of the commodity-image.

LM: Your collecting often takes place in second-hand shops, and it's true that the whole sense of the charity shop is a tremendous cultural force amongst people of our generation.

JS: There is a smell of death in secondhand bookshops, even more than in charity shops. The majority of books arrive in these places through house clearances.

KF: So your images are used images, but they're also abandoned images, particularly if they're from charity shops: an image that has not just dropped out of currency but has been given away is considered no longer of value.

LM: In terms of collecting I also have a big thing about archiving. I've never thrown anything away I've received from galleries since the '60s: I've kept all the invitation cards, all the press releases, and I often wonder why. There's a vague academic hoarding here, but it's more than that: there's the sense of a fear of destruction, that maybe your little collection might survive in some way.

JS: I think you're right: when you collect you are trying to master something that resists mastery. You are trying to create a blockage against the inexorable flowing away of things and images, to retain something consigned to disappearance. In this culture it is a way of making visible against the ground of the image in the process of disappearance. But mastery is also an illusion, though perhaps a necessary one. In fact, rather than giving possession, the collection represents entrapment. It is the master, and you are its servant.

KF: Jean Baudrillard says that the final term of the collection is the collector.

JS: Yes, I agree with that. And the completion of the collection or series is an exclusion of the collector. A complete collection is dead, and represents the death of the collector. Collectors tend to donate their collections at this point of completion. I'm always looking for ways to bring my series to completion so that I can let go of them—to entrust them to someone else. But I always seem to find ways of extending the series. Maybe it's a way of deferring death.

KF: Presumably in two generations someone wanting to practice upon images will have almost nothing but digital images to work with; even the printed material will all be digitally sourced and manipulated.

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JS: Losing the last point of physical connection with the image is an apocalyptic possibility. It would represent the apotheosis of the found media image. The de-materialization of the image would represent the fullest realization of its power. On the other hand this would also represent the fullest subjection of the collectivized unconscious to the powers of the cultural image. My work has been about negotiating that threshold between the materiality and the immateriality of the image, the real and the virtual in the image within the changing circumstances of image culture, and I'll continue to chase the increasingly ephemeral experiences of the image. Most pessimistically, I see the punctuation of the image as a form of cultural resistance that is destined to failure within the inexorable and seamless flows of the technologised image.

LM: But we know that all systems are going to break down not far beyond our children's lifetimes; we feel fairly certain that if global warming doesn't do it, the oil crisis will. There are going to be fundamental changes, so even within our culture at the moment any resistance to technology is itself inevitably based on earlier forms of technology.

JS: Which brings us back to obsolescence, and the way that an earlier technology can reveal something essential about its successor in the evolution of photo-optic technologies of the image. Raymond Bellour and Garrett Stewart, interestingly, see a potentiality for the film still or freeze-frame in these terms, as a revelatory punctuation of cinematic experience. They see photography, in the form of the film still, as capable of communicating something about the film image that is somehow inapprehendable in cinematic terms. Stewart makes eschatological claims for the film still, suggesting that in the halting of cinematic experience, the experience of ending in the stilled image there is a return to the genesis of the cinematic illusion in the photograph.

I'm very interested in this debate, and in the way it reflects surrealist attitudes to obsolescence. Maurice Blanchot refers to André Breton's interest in the revelatory power of obsolete objects and the way, as Blanchot describes it, once separated from its functional context by obsolescence or fragmentation, the utensil which ordinarily "disappears into its use" suddenly *appears* in its strangeness. Cinema in these terms can be seen as a use of images that makes them *disappear*, beneath the threshold of conscious apprehension. Only the arrest of the mechanism of the turnover of images through obsolescence or technological accident is then capable of revealing this hidden visibility of the media image.

The image becomes visible by an estrangement from the familiar context of its meaning or functionality. Alphonso Lingis, following Blanchot, makes great claims for this estranged encounter with otherness, suggesting that it creates a bond with the other that he argues is necessary for human survival, indeed for the survival of life itself, as he puts it, "on the only planet known to support it." The bond with others in terms of their otherness he calls "deathbound subjectivity": a relationship with them not in social terms based around an alignment of interests or of social utility, but in *difference*, and based on the unknowability of the life of another. This bond or communion with others in the shared prospect of the unknowable—death—is one that has no space for representation in profane culture. For Lingis this absence is literally disastrous. But there is a more hopeful view of this that suggests such encounters with alterity—which were once the province of religious faith and the church—have not disappeared from our culture, but have simply migrated and dispersed.

["The Encounter with the Real: John Stezaker in conversation with Krzysztof Fijalkowski and Lynda Morris" was originally published in *Norwich Gallery Dispatch* 123 (April 2006).]

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Kelley Walker

Installation view of the exhibition *Andy Warhol and Sonny Liston fly on Braniff. (When you got it—flaunt it)*, 2006
Paula Cooper Gallery, New York

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Untitled, 2007
Four-color process silk screen on canvas with magazine pages
36 x 47 in; 91.4 x 119.4 cm

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***Untitled*, 2007**
Four-color process silk screen on canvas with newspaper
48 x 29 in; 121.9 x 73.7 cm

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Walker

***Untitled*, 2007**
Light box with duratrans print
43 x 86 x 4 in; 109.2 x 218.4 x 10.2 cm

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Macintosh
Andy Warhol and Sonny Liston
fly on Braniff. (When you got it-flaunt it.)
Andy Warhol and Sonny Liston
fly on Braniff. (When you got it-flaunt it.)

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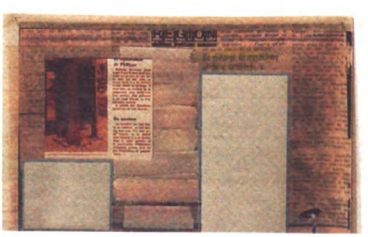

Untitled **(Commissioned by Est Républicain in conjunction with The Musée des Beaux-Arts, Nancy), 2005 (installation view)**
Digital print on newsprint, twenty-seven panels
Dimensions variable (overall), 21 x 16 in; 53.3 x 40.6 cm (each panel)

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Coca-Cola

Untitled **(Commissioned by Est Républican in conjunction with The Musée des Beaux-Arts, Nancy), 2005 (detail)**
Digital print on newsprint, twenty-seven panels
Dimensions variable (overall), 21 x 16 in; 53.3 x 40.6 cm (each panel)

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My Epson scanner, G5, and Epson printer make collecting and using disparate images and objects too easy and immediate—Apple and Adobe programs like Photoshop, Illustrator, and Final Cut Pro are designed especially for this sort of activity. I have noticed that this technological ease underlines an anxiety within my practice. It seems this anxiety in turn manifests certain systems, structures, and often the repetition of specific images. A larger cultural anxiety, I think, is apparent as well in what seems like an arbitrary and, at times, fantasized global circulation of images that is increasingly enabled by this technology. The idea of a möbius strip emerges when one considers that the technology being used to develop and circulate these images is also packaging and then repackaging itself.

The use of traditional collage techniques in my practice is one way of slowing things down and achieving some distance: physical, cultural, historical, etc. Relative to my use of technology, collage can momentarily offer some resistance to a corporate aesthetic.

My G5 desktop is loaded with thumbnails showing various things I am working on and thinking about. Each thumbnail is a miniature image of what a file might look like printed; the thumbnail doesn't show information, such as that the file is composed of multiple layers. I am aware that these icons has influenced the way I think about, make, and show objects; for example, I think of the things I make as both temporal and as a placeholder for everything about that work that can't be physically represented. I know I get excited when I turn on the computer and, because of a computing glitch, thumbnails are scrambled all over my desktop, jumbled all on top of one another. This allows me to see new connections between works.

When thinking about a space I will be working in, I often produce both virtual (computerized) and actual models of that space. There is a complex interplay between these two modes of thinking about space. In both, re-arranging, layering, juxtaposing, rotating, piling, and overlapping at times relate to more traditional aspects of collage.

[Kelley Walker, July 2007]

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Mark Bradford

***Helter Skelter*, 2007**
Cut and pasted papers on canvas
12 x 70.25 ft; 3.7 x 2.1 m
Courtesy of Sikkema Jenkins & Co.

Jonathan Hernandez

***Mural*, 2006**
Forty-seven posters with traces from a David Alfaro Siqueiros mural sketch, thirteen panels
157 1/2 x 275 1/2 in; 400 x 700 cm
Courtesy of the artist and kurimanzutto, Mexico City

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Thomas Hirschhorn

***Works on Paper* (from the "TATTOO" Series), 2007**
Paper, prints, photocopies, plastic foil, adhesive tape, stickers, marker, and ballpoint
35 x 33 in; 89 x 84 cm each
Courtesy of Gladstone Gallery, New York

Christian Holstad

***Untitled (Pink Bedroom)*, 2003**
Color xerox on archival paper
19 x 23 1/2 in; 48.3 x 59.7 cm
Courtesy the artist and Daniel Reich Gallery, New York

***It's My Nature*, 2002**
Color xerox on archival paper
23 1/2 x 19 in; 59.7 x 48.3 cm
Collection of Rob Teeters and Dr. Bruce M. Sherman, New York

***Green Couple in Pink French Bathroom*, 2002**
Color xerox on archival paper
11 x 10 in; 27.9 x 25.4 cm
Bob Nickas Collection, New York

***Flowers and Water*, 2002**
Color xerox on archival paper
19 x 11 3/4 in; 48.3 x 29.9 cm
Private Collection, Washington DC

***Celebration of an Infinite Discussion*, 2002**
Color xerox on archival paper
19 1/2 x 14 1/2 in; 49.5 x 36.8 cm
Courtesy the artist and Daniel Reich Gallery, New York

***Happy Birthday*, 2003**
Color xerox on archival paper
17 1/2 x 17 1/2 in; 44.5 x 44.5 cm
Private Collection

***Solo Guy in Blue Bathroom (Series #1)*, 2002**
Color xerox on archival paper
18 1/2 x 11 in; 47 x 27.9 cm
Collection of Greg Asciola, New York

***Green Fern Bathroom*, 2002**
Color xerox on archival paper
10 x 12 in; 25.4 x 30.5 cm
Private Collection

***Happiness is Always Surprising*, 2002**
Color xerox on archival paper
18 x 21 1/2 in; 45.7 x 54.6 cm
Private Collection

***Indigo Family Room with Group Embracing*, 2002**
Color xerox on archival paper
10 x 12 in; 25.4 x 30.5 cm
Collection of Andrew Ong, New York

***Bow Ties, Three Gentlemen and a Black Couch*, 2003**
Color xerox on archival paper
16 1/2 x 10 in; 41.9 x 25.4 cm
Private Collection

***Separated Red Gem Gentlemen with Single Guy Looking at Bow*, 2002**
Color xerox on archival paper
8 1/2 x 12 in; 21.6 x 30.5 cm
Private Collection

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Kim Jones

***Untitled*, 1974–1980–2006**
Acrylic and ink on paper and photograph
14 x 17 in; 35.6 x 43.2 cm
Private Collection, courtesy Pierogi, Brooklyn

***Untitled*, 1971–1972–2000–2005**
Acrylic, ink, and cut paper on paper
22 1/2 x 23 1/2 in; 57.2 x 59.7 cm
Courtesy the artist and Pierogi, Brooklyn

***Untitled*, 1994–2004**
Acrylic and ink on photograph
22 1/2 x 24 1/4 in; 57.2 x 61.6 cm
Collection of Clifford P. Diver

Untitled, 1991–2002
Acrylic and ink on photograph
16 1/4 x 23 3/4 in; 59.7 x 41.9 cm
Private collection, courtesy Perogi, Brooklyn

***Untitled*, 1986–2005**
Acrylic and ink on photograph
11 x 14 in; 27.9 x 35.6 cm
Courtesy the artist and Pierogi, Brooklyn

***Untitled*, 1970s–1980s–1990s–2005**
Acrylic, ink, and cut paper on paper
20 x 30 in; 50.8 x 76.2 cm
Private collection, courtesy Pierogi, Brooklyn

***Untitled*, 1991–2002**
Acrylic and ink on photograph
24 x 16 1/4 in; 61 x 41.3 cm
Private collection, courtesy Pierogi, Brooklyn

***NY*, 1983–1984–2006**
Acrylic and ink on photograph
8 x 10 1/4 in; 20.3 x 26 cm
Courtesy Zeno X Gallery, Antwerp

***Untitled*, 1974–2006**
Acrylic and ink on photograph
18 x 12 in; 45.7 x 30.5 cm
Courtesy Zeno X Gallery, Antwerp

***Untitled*, 1974–2006**
Acrylic and ink on photograph
12 x 18 in; 30.5 x 45.7 cm
Courtesy Zeno X Gallery, Antwerp

Wangechi Mutu

***Will Honey Flavoured Milk Soften That Pig Fed Rage?*, 2008**
Various milky, wet, cream-colored, and diaphanous materials
Courtesy of the artist; Susanne Vielmetter, Los Angeles; and Sikkema Jenkins & Co., New York

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Henrik Olesen

***Anthologie de l'Amour Sublime*, 2003–2007**
Cut paper and c-prints
Courtesy the artist and Galerie Daniel Buchholz, Cologne

Martha Rosler

***Amputee (Election II)* (from the "Bringing the War Home: House Beautiful" Series), 2004**
Photomontage
20 x 24 in; 50.8 x 61 cm
Private Collection, courtesy Mitchell-Innes & Nash, New York

***Back Garden* (from the "Bringing the War Home: House Beautiful" Series), 2004**
Photomontage
20 x 24 in; 50.8 x 61 cm
Private Collection, courtesy Mitchell-Innes & Nash, New York

***Cellular* (from the "Bringing the War Home: House Beautiful" Series), 2004**
Photomontage
20 x 24 in; 50.8 x 61 cm
Private Collection, courtesy Mitchell-Innes & Nash, New York

***Election (Lynndie)* (from the "Bringing the War Home: House Beautiful" Series), 2004**
Photomontage
20 x 24 in; 50.8 x 61 cm
Private Collection, courtesy Mitchell-Innes & Nash, New York

***Gladiators* (from the "Bringing the War Home: House Beautiful" Series), 2004**
Photomontage
20 x 24 in; 50.8 x 61 cm
Private Collection, courtesy Mitchell-Innes & Nash, New York

***Hooded Captives* (from the "Bringing the War Home: House Beautiful" Series), 2004**
Photomontage
24 x 20 in; 61 x 50.8 cm
Private Collection, courtesy Mitchell-Innes & Nash, New York

***Lounging Woman* (from the "Bringing the War Home: House Beautiful" Series), 2004**
Photomontage
24 x 20 in; 61 x 50.8 cm
Private Collection, courtesy Mitchell-Innes & Nash, New York

***Photo Op* (from the "Bringing the War Home: House Beautiful" Series), 2004**
Photomontage
20 x 24 in; 50.8 x 61 cm
Private Collection, courtesy Mitchell-Innes & Nash, New York

***Red & White Stripes* (Baghdad Burning) (from the "Bringing the War Home: House Beautiful" Series), 2004**
Photomontage
20 x 24 in; 50.8 x 61 cm
Private Collection, courtesy Mitchell-Innes & Nash, New York

***Saddam's Palace (Febreze)* (from the "Bringing the War Home: House Beautiful" Series), 2004**
Photomontage
20 x 24 in; 50.8 x 61 cm
Private Collection, courtesy Mitchell-Innes & Nash, New York

***Trophy (Running Woman)* (from the "Bringing the War Home: House Beautiful" Series), 2004**
Photomontage
24 x 20 in; 61 x 50.8 cm
Private Collection, courtesy Mitchell-Innes & Nash, New York

***Vanitas* (from the "Bringing the War Home: House Beautiful" Series), 2004**
Photomontage
20 x 24 in; 50.8 x 61 cm
Private Collection, courtesy Mitchell-Innes & Nash, New York

***Walker* (from the "Bringing the War Home: House Beautiful" Series), 2004**
Photomontage
20 x 24 in; 50.8 x 61 cm
Private Collection, courtesy Mitchell-Innes & Nash, New York

***Wine (Muktada)* (from the "Bringing the War Home: House Beautiful" Series), 2004**
Photomontage
24 x 20 in; 61 x 50.8 cm
Private Collection, courtesy Mitchell-Innes & Nash, New York

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Nancy Spero

***The Hours of the Night II*, 2001**
Handprinted and printed papers on paper, eleven panels
9 x 22 ft; 2.7 x 6.7 m (overall, approx.)
Private Collection, courtesy Galerie Lelong, New York

John Stezaker

***Untitled (Film Portrait)*, 2005**
Photo-collage
12 1/4 x 10 in; 31 x 25.5 cm
Private Collection

***Film Portrait (She) I*, 2005**
Photo-collage
9 1/4 x 7 3/4 in; 23.5 x 19.7 cm
Collection of Marty and Rebecca Eisenberg

***Film Portrait (Incision) II*, 2005**
Photo-collage
7 3/4 x 6 in; 19.7 x 15.3 cm
Private Collection

***Film Portrait (Landscape) I*, 2005**
Photo-collage
9 1/2 x 8 in; 24 x 20.3 cm
Private Collection

***Film Portrait (Split) IV 'Eve'*, 2005**
Photo-collage
7 3/4 x 5 in; 19.7 x 12.7 cm
Private Collection

***Film Portrait (She) VIII*, 2005**
Photo-collage
9 1/4 x 7 3/4 in; 23.5 x 19.7 cm
Collection Rirkrit Tiravanija

***Film Portrait (Incision) IV*, 2005**
Photo-collage
7 3/4 x 6 in; 19.7 x 15.3 cm
Collection of Pamela and Arthur Sanders

***Film Portrait (Incision) V*, 2005**
Photo-collage
7 3/4 x 5 1/2 in; 19.7 x 14 cm
Private Collection

***Film Portrait (Landscape) IV*, 2005**
Photo-collage
9 1/2 x 8 in; 24 x 20.3 cm
Private Collection

***Film Portrait (She) XIV*, 2005**
Photo-collage
9 x 7 3/4 in; 22.9 x 19.7 cm
Collection of Pamela and Arthur Sanders

***Mask VI*, 2005**
Photo-collage
8 3/4 x 6 1/2 in; 22.2 x 16.5 cm
Private Collection

***Marriage II*, 2006**
Photo-collage
9 1/2 x 12 in; 24 x 30.5 cm
Private Collection

***Marriage XIV*, 2006**
Photo-collage
10 x 8 in; 25.5 x 20.3 cm
Private Collection

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Kelley Walker

Not Yet Titled, 2007
Digital prints and silk screen on paper and canvas
Courtesy Paula Cooper Gallery, New York

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Mark Bradford

Born 1961, Los Angeles, California
Lives and works in Los Angeles, California

The social dynamics of community, determined by race, class, gender, sexuality, migration, and their attendant stereotypes, inspire Mark Bradford's work in collage, video, photography, and installation. Bradford explores public space by excerpting and recomposing its contents—from billboard posters to beauty salon endpapers—to create abstract compositions whose grids, lines, and fields of color flicker with the visual and informational juxtapositions that characterize the urban experience. Through the formal limitations and restrictions that he imposes on his artistic practice, Bradford structures his works' explosive energy, elegantly corralling it into an abstract narrative that reflects our geographical and geo-political surroundings.

Bradford received his BFA (1995) and his MFA (1997) from the California Institute of the Arts. Selected solo and two-person exhibitions include *Mark Bradford*, Whitney Museum of American Art, New York (2007); LA><ART, Los Angeles (2006); *Grace and Measure*, Sikkema Jenkins & Co., New York (2005); *Bounce: Mark Bradford and Glenn Kaino*, REDCAT, Los Angeles (2004); and *Very Powerful Lords*, Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris, New York (2003).

Group exhibitions include *Eden's Edge: Fifteen LA Artists*, Hammer Museum at UCLA, Los Angeles (2007); *Street Level: Mark Bradford, William Cordova, Robin Rhode*, Nasher Museum, Duke University, Durham, North Carolina (2007); *Meditations in an Emergency*, Museum of Contemporary Art, Detroit, Michigan (2006); *Day for Night: Whitney Biennial 2006*, New York; *Sao Paolo Bienal* (2006); *African Queen*, Studio Museum in Harlem, New York (2005); *Fade (1990–2003)*, Luckman Gallery and University Fine Arts Gallery, California State University, Los Angeles, and Craft and Folk Art Museum, Los Angeles; *Snapshots: New Art from Los Angeles*, UCLA Hammer Museum, Los Angeles; (traveled to Museum of Contemporary Art, North Miami Beach, 2001); and *Fresh Cut Afros*, Watts Towers Gallery, Los Angeles (2000).

[Emily Liebert]

Jonathan Hernandez

Born 1972, Mexico City, Mexico
Lives and works in Mexico City, Mexico

Jonathan Hernandez's collages are meticulous abstract designs built from the ubiquitous press photographs that Hernandez has been extracting from public media as part of an ongoing archive. In an interaction he describes as "ping-pong," Hernandez juxtaposes images that celebrate victory alongside those that bear witness to atrocity—celebrities are next to victims of violence, expressions of euphoria are enmeshed with those of despair, like the fusion that might be said to characterize the current moment.

Hernandez received his degree in visual arts from the École Nationale d'Administration Publique and The National Autonomous University of Mexico in 1997. He studied architecture at the University of Montreal in 1991–92. Solo exhibitions of Hernandez's work include *Postpreterito*, Sala de Arte Público Siqueiros, Mexico City (2006); *Ven Valven*, La Caja Negra, Madrid, Spain (2006);*Trafago*, kurimanzutto, Mexico City (2004); *Bon Voyage*, Centro de Arte Contemporáneo de Málaga, Spain (2003); and *Travelling Without Moving*, Galería del Aeropuerto de Ciudad de México, México (2002).

Selected group exhibitions include *The Exotic Journey Ends*, Foksal Gallery Foundation, Warsaw, Poland (2006); *Metro of Pictures*, The Moore Space, Miami (2006); *9th Bienal de la Habana*, Cuba (2006); *En Algun lugar alguien esta viajando furiosamente hacia ti*, La Casa Encendida, Madrid, Spain (2005); and *Farsities: Urban Crisis and Domestic Symptoms in Recent Contemporary Art*, at the San Diego Museum of Art, California (2005).

[EL & Jenn Wirtz]

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Thomas Hirschhorn

Born 1957, Bern, Switzerland
Lives and works in Paris

Through his installations made of unheralded materials such as foil, plastic, cardboard, and packing tape, Thomas Hirschhorn's work summons references to philosophy, popular culture, mass media, economics, and poetry. Layering information and imagery, trash and found objects, Hirschhorn creates environmental experiences, challenging the viewer to read and to participate as well as to look. Often, he uses violent or gruesome imagery, which not only examines the current socio-cultural climate, but reveals a strategy to short circuit mere viewer consumption.

Hirschhorn studied at the Schule für Gestaltung, Zürich, from 1978 to 1983. He has had numerous one-person exhibitions, including most recently *Concretion Re*, Galerie Chantal Crousel, Paris, France (2007); *Ingeborg Bachmann Altar*, Alexanderplatz Station, Berlin, Germany (2006); *United Nations Miniature, 2000*, Museo de Arte Contemporaneo de Castilla y, Leon, Spain (2006); *Superficial Engagement*, Gladstone Gallery, New York (2006); *Concretion*, le Creux de l'enfer centre d'art contemporain, Thiers, France (2006); *24h Foucault*, Palais de Tokyo, Paris (2004); *Cavemanman*, Barbara Gladstone Gallery, New York (2002); and *Thomas Hirschhorn*, The Renaissance Society and the Art Institute of Chicago (2000).

Group exhibitions that have featured Hirschhorn's work include *Sao Paolo Bienal* (2006); *Second International Biennial of Contemporary Art of Seville*, Spain (2006); *Into Me/Out of Me*, P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center, New York (2006); *Heart of Darkness*, Walker Art Center, Minneapolis (2006); *Infinite Painting, Contemporary Painting and Global Realism*, Villa Manin Centre for Contemporary Art, Passariano, Italy (2006); *Notations: Energy Yes!*, Philadelphia Museum of Art (2006); *The Green Coffin*, Alfonso Artiaco, Napoli, Italy (2006); *The Procession*, Kestner Gesellschaft, Hannover, Germany (2006); and *Surprise, Surprise*, Institute of Contemporary Art, London, England (2006).

[JW]

Christian Holstad

Born 1972, Anaheim, California
Lives and works in Brooklyn, New York

Holstad's artistic practice consists of photography, drawing, sculpture, installation, and collage. A self-described "visual junkie," the subject of his work includes the ways in which appearance-based stereotypes obscure individual sexual identity. Referring both to the mainstream and subculture, Holstad's collages often depict erotic couplings of gay men whose bodies are composed of decorative patterns and textures extracted from magazines ranging from high-end fashion and lifestyle rags to small-press porn publications. These intimate scenes are set in unexpected or even contradictory surroundings such as immaculate, designer-home interiors, monumental architectural settings, or surreal landscapes. This juxtaposition of at least two kinds of decadence and desire serves to both charge conventional environments and cheerfully normalize same-sex erotic activity.

Christian Holstad received his BFA from the Kansas City Art Institute (1994). His work has been exhibited in solo exhibitions, including *Christian Holstad, "Containers on the Beach,"* Art Basel Miami Beach: Art Positions (2006); *Leather Beach*, Prince Deli (Daniel Reich Gallery), New York (2006); *Christian Holstad, The Terms of Endearment*, Museum of Contemporary Art, Miami (2006); *Beautiful Lies You Could Live In*, Victoria Miro Gallery, London (2005); *Innocent Killers*, Project Room, P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center, New York (2004); and *Gentle Heights presents Christian Holstad's Sand Day (In Absentia): A Show of Artifacts*, Absentia Art Gallery, New York (2002).

Selected group shows include *Lyon Biennial of Contemporary Art* (2007); *BloodBath and Beyond*, Hiromi Yoshii Gallery, Tokyo, Japan (2007); *Thank You for the Music*, Spruth Magers Lee, London (2006); *Greater New York*, P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center, New York (2005); the *Whitney Biennial*, New York (2004); *Incantations*, Metro Pictures, New York (2004); *Prague Biennial* (2003); *Now Playing*, D'Amelio Terras, New York (2003); *Two For the Road*, Gavin Brown's Enterprise, New York (2002); and *Zeek Sheck Collaboration*, The Knitting Factory, New York (2001).

[EL]

Kim Jones

Born 1944, San Bernardino, California
Lives and works in New York

Since the 1970s, Kim Jones has been making performance-based drawings, sculpture, and installations. Upon his return to civilian life after two tours in Vietnam as a marine, Jones created the persona "Mudman." Caking his body in mud, and outfitting himself with army boots and a massive sculptural lattice of sticks, tape, and twine that resembled a tangled cross, Jones marched through the streets of Los Angeles as a living reminder of war and suffering. Jones's collages are accretions of marks that the artist has slowly added over a period of two decades. Just as Mudman's costume oppresses movement, the background images in Jones's collages appear weighted down by overlaid webs, grids, and creatures that conjure the very world of fantasy that might be home to Mudman. The material grotesquerie and visceral baseness that Jones has consistently uncorked in his work evokes the ugliness of political travesties and social injustice.

Jones holds a BFA from the Chouinard Art Institute (now the California Institute of Arts in Los Angeles) (1971) and an MFA from the Otis Art Institute in Los Angeles (1973). A retrospective of Jones' work was organized by University at Buffalo Art Gallery, Buffalo, New York, and Luckman Fine Arts Complex, California State University, Los Angeles (2006–08). His work has been exhibited in several solo shows including exhibitions at ArtPace, San Antonio (2003); Pierogi Leipzig, Germany (2007 and 2006); Zeno X Gallery, Antwerp, Belgium (2006 and 2004); and Pierogi Brooklyn, New York (2005, 2004, and 2002).

Jones has participated in group shows including the *New York: State of Mind*, The House of World Cultures, Berlin (2007); 52nd Venice Biennial (2007); *The Photograph as Canvas*, Aldrich Contemporary Art Museum, Ridgefield, Connecticut (2007); *Second International Biennial of Contemporary Art of Seville*, Spain (2006); *Disparities & Deformations: Our Grotesque*, SITE Santa Fe, New Mexico (2004);

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Artists and Maps: Cartography As a Means of Knowing, The Ronna and Eric Hoffman Gallery of Contemporary Art, Lewis & Clark College, Portland, Oregon (2003); *Actual Size*, apexart, New York (1999); *Out of Actions: Between Performance and the Object 1949–1979* (traveled to Museum of Contemporary Art, Tokyo, Japan; Museu d'Art Contemporani, Barcelona, Spain; MAK (Austrian Museum of Applied Arts), Vienna, Austria; Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, 1998–99); and *Mapping*, The Museum of Modern Art, New York (1994).

[EL]

Wangechi Mutu

Born 1972, Nairobi, Kenya
Lives and works in New York

Wangechi Mutu's wall paintings, collages, and installations make reference to race, politics, fashion, and African identity. Mutu assembles portraits that challenge media depictions of fashion, pornography, and ethnography. Her idiosyncratic renderings of female sexuality catalyze multiple interpretations: each exquisite portrait incorporates the contradictions, stereotypes, and expectations of African women and the African diaspora.

Mutu received her BFA in 1996 from The Cooper Union, New York, and her MFA in sculpture from Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut. She has had numerous solo exhibitions including *Sleeping Heads Lie*, Power House, Memphis, Tennessee (2006); *An Alien Eye and Other Killah Anthems*, Sikkema Jenkins & Co., New York (2006); *The Chief Lair's A Holy Mess*, The San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, San Francisco (2005); *Problematica*, Susanne Vielmetter Los Angeles Projects, Los Angeles (2005); and ArtPace, San Antonio, Texas (2004).

Group exhibitions include *Global Feminisms*, The Brooklyn Museum of Art (2007); *New York, Interrupted*, PMK Gallery, Beijing (2006); *2nd Biennial Contemporary Art in Seville*, Centro Andaluz de Arte Contemporaneo, Spain (2006); *Still Points in the Turning World: SITE Santa Fe's Sixth Annual Biennial*, Santa Fe (2006); *African Queen*, The Studio Museum in Harlem, New York (2005); *Greater New York 2005*, P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center, New York (2005); *Only Skin Deep Changing Visions of the American Self*, International Center of Photography (traveled to San Diego Museum of Art and Museum of Photographic Arts, San Diego, California, 2005); *Pin-Up: Contemporary Collage and Drawing*, Tate Modern, London (2004); and *Black President: The Art and Legacy of Fela Anikulapo-Kuti*, The New Museum of Contemporary Art, New York (traveled to Yerba Buena Center for the Arts, San Francisco, and Barbican Centre, London, 2003).

[JW]

Henrik Olesen

Born 1967, Esbjerg, Denmark
Lives and works in Berlin

Henrik Olesen uses collage, sculpture, and spatial interventions to examine the socio-cultural impact of conventional ideas of gender identity and the construction of history. Specifically, Olesen is interested in the gay and lesbian experience and the history of repression, censure, and ostracism homosexuals have faced. Using contemporary and historical sources from architecture, the natural sciences, industry, and art, Olesen manipulates meanings and shifts contexts through layering and juxtaposition. By inserting images of twenty-first-century gay porn into Max Ernst's two classic collage series, *La femme 100 tetes* (The Hundred Headed Woman, 1929) and *Une semaine de bonté* (A Week of Kindness, 1934), Olesen makes Ernst's uncanny, faux, nineteenth-century visual tableaus even more unsettling.

Olesen attended The Royal Academy of Fine Arts, Copenhagen, Denmark, from 1989–1996, and the Staatliche Hochschule für Bildende Künste, Städelschule, Frankfurt, Germany, from 1995–1997. A selection of his one- and two-person exhibitions includes Migros Museum, Zurich (2007); Galerie Andreas Huber, Vienna (2006); Galerie Daniel Buchholz, Köln, Germany (2005, 2002); Secession, Galerie Grafisches Kabinett, Vienna (2004); *1935 1922*, Sprengel Museum, Hanover, Germany (2003); Galleria Franco Noero, Turin, Italy (2002); Studiogalerie, Kunstverein Braunschweig, Germany (2001); and Anton Kern Gallery, New York (2000).

Olesen's work has also been included in numerous group exhibitions, such as *GNS: Global Navigation System*, Palais de Tokyo, Paris (2003); *Utopia Station* (collaboration with Kirsten Pieroth), 50th Venice Biennial (2003); *Rent-a-bench*, Street Project, Los Angeles (2002); *Centre of Attraction*, 8th Baltic Triennial of International Art, Contemporary Art Center, Vilnius, Litauen (2002); and *Trans Sexual Express Barcelona*, First Barcelona Triennial, Centre d'Art Santa Mònica (2001).

[JW]

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Martha Rosler

Born 1943, Brooklyn, New York
Lives and works in Brooklyn, New York

Through her work in video, performance, installation, critical writing, photography, collage, and photomontage, Martha Rosler critiques the explicit and latent ideologies and institutions that govern contemporary life. Rosler's collages disturb the taxonomies through which we interpret our world; art, politics, desire, and economics collide on Rosler's surfaces. The elements that make up Rosler's collages are drawn primarily from published printed matter, a technique that enables Rosler to comment not only on the ubiquitous contents of books, magazines, and newspapers, but also on the modes of representation through which those subjects are fed to us as the consumers.

Rosler received her MFA from the University of California at San Diego (1974) and earned her BA from Brooklyn College (1965). She has had solo exhibitions at Galerie Christian Nagel, Berlin (2006 and 2004); Gorney Bravin + Lee, New York (2004); Moderna Museet, Stockholm (2002); and Maison Européenne de la Photographie, Paris (2002). Additional solo exhibitions include *Martha Rosler: London Garage Sale*, Institute of Contemporary Art, London (2005); *Martha Rosler: If not now, when?*, Sprengel Museum, Hannover (2005); and *Martha Rosler: Positions in the Life World*, Generali Foundation, Vienna (traveled to MACBA, Barcelona and was shared by the International Center of Photography, New York, and the New Museum of Contemporary Art, New York, 1999–2000).

Recent selected group exhibitions include *WACK! Art and the Feminist Revolution*, Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles (traveled to National Museum of Women in the Arts, Washington, D.C.; Vancouver Art Gallery, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada; P.S.1 Contemporary Art Center, New York, 2007–08); *Skulptur Projekte Münster* (2007); *The Downtown Show: The New York Art Scene 1974–1984*, Grey Art Gallery, New York University, New York (traveled to The Andy Warhol Museum, Pittsburgh, and the Austin Museum of Art, Texas, 2006); *Persistent Vestiges: Drawings from the American-Vietnam War*, The Drawing Center, New York (2005); *Liverpool Biennial* (2004); *The Last Picture Show: Artists Using Photography, 1960–1982*, Walker Art Center, Minneapolis (traveled to UCLA Hammer Museum, Los Angeles, 2003–2004); The 50th Venice Biennale (2003); and *Gloria: Another Look at Feminist Art in the 1970s*, White Columns, New York (2002).

[EL]

Nancy Spero

Born 1926, Cleveland, Ohio
Lives and works in New York

Since the 1960s, Nancy Spero has been protesting social and political injustice and championing human emancipation through her paintings, prints, drawings, and collages. Figurative representations of the human body and recognizable characters from history, mythology, and pop culture float, dance, and run through Spero's collages. Spero culls her source material from books and media, which she integrates with her own invented imagery—transformations that inspire us to re-imagine the world we inhabit. Her compositions—sometime punctuated by text—draw on diverse artistic traditions including modern posters, illuminated manuscripts, Chinese scrolls, and ancient Greek, Etruscan, and Egyptian friezes.

Spero received her BFA from the University of Chicago in 1949 and studied art at the Ecole des Beaux Arts and Atelier André L'Hôte in Paris from 1949–50. Her work has been featured in the following retrospectives: *Weighing the Heart Against a Feather of Truth*, Centro Galego de Arte Contemporanea, Santiago de Compostela, Spain (2004) and *Nancy Spero: Works Since 1950* (traveled to numerous institutions including the Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago, Illinois; List Visual Arts Center, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Massachusetts; The Power Plant, Toronto, Canada; The New Museum of Contemporary Art, New York, 1987–89). She has had solo exhibitions at Galerie Lelong, Paris (2007, 2004); *Overtones*, Los Angeles (2005); Kunsthalle zu Kiel, Germany (2002); Barbara Gross Galerie, Munich, Germany (2001); and The Print Center, Philadelphia (2001). *Other Worlds: The Art of Nancy Spero and Kiki Smith* appeared at the Baltic Mill Centre for Contemporary Art, Gateshead, England, in 2003.

Her work has been shown in many group shows most recently in *WACK! Art and the Feminist Revolution*, Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles (traveled to National Museum of Women in the Arts, Washington, D.C.; Vancouver Art Gallery, Vancouver, British

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Columbia, Canada; P.S.1 Contemporary Art Center, New York, 2007–08); 52nd Venice Biennale (2007); *Persistent Vestiges: Drawings from the American-Vietnam War*, Drawing Center, New York (2005); *Looking at Words: The Formal Presence of Text in Modern and Contemporary Works on Paper*, Andrea Rosen Gallery, New York (2005); *Gloria: Another Look at Feminist Art of the 1970s*, White Columns, New York (2003); *Sanctuary: Contemporary Art and Human Rights*, Gallery of Modern Art, Glasgow, Scotland (2003); *Open Ends: Contemporary Art from 1960–2001*, Museum of Modern Art, New York (2001); and the *Kwangju Biennale*, Korea (2000).

[EL]

John Stezaker

Born 1949, Worcester, UK
Lives and works in London

Driven by an interest in the iconic image, John Stezaker reinvents, through reassemblage, photographs of people and landscapes. Recently, his explorations of the cut-up collage technique brought him to a closer exploration of the portrait. Stezaker starts with a classic head shot from the Golden Age of Hollywood, then modifies it by merging it with a second movie star portrait from the same decade. The result is a surrealistically morphed, often sexually ambiguous, and thoroughly unrecognizable being. Memorable features that epitomize stardom are completely lost, replaced by a grosteque version of glamour. Often both horrifying and amusing, Stezaker's photo-collages reveal the deep peculiarity of (im)perfect beauty.

Stezaker graduated from The Slade School of Art in London in 1973. His recent solo shows include *John Stezaker*, Richard Telles Fine Art, Los Angeles (2006); *John Stezaker New Work*, Galerie Dennis Kimmerich, Düsseldorf (2006); *Bridges and Other Metaphors*, Norwich Gallery, Norwich, UK (2006); *Archiv & Erzählung*, Munich Kunstverein (2006); *John Stezaker*, White Columns, New York (2006); and *The Third Person Archive and Other Works*, The Approach, London (2004).

Recent group shows include *Dereconstruction*, Gladstone Gallery, New York (2006); *Tate Triennial 2006*, Tate Britain, London (2006); *Time Lines*, Kunstverein Düssledorf (2005); and *Cut*, The Approach, London (2005).

[JW]

Kelley Walker

Born 1969, Columbus, Georgia
Lives and works in New York

Kelley Walker treats public media both as a reflection and agent of contemporary social anxieties related to race, politics, gender, and consumerism. In his collages, these social issues are described in a formally vibrant language made of fragments of popular iconic imagery coupled with vivid shapes and patterns. The ironic juxtapositions that ensue emphasize supposed distinctions between fact and fiction and call into question the value of authenticity.

Walker holds a BFA from the University of Tennessee, Knoxville (1995). He has been featured in solo exhibitions including *Andy Warhol and Sonny Liston fly on Braniff. (When you got it—flaunt it)*, Paula Cooper Gallery, New York (2006); *Empire Strikes Back* (with Wade Guyton), The Carpenter Center for the Visual Arts, Harvard University, Cambridge (2006); Galerie Catherine Bastide, Brussels (2006); *The Failever of Judgement Part III* (with Wade Guyton), Greene Naftali Gallery, New York (2005); *The Failever of Judgement* (with Wade Guyton), Rheinschau Cologne Art Projects, Cologne (2004); and Paula Cooper Gallery, New York (2003).

Walker has participated in group shows, including *Imagination Becomes Reality*, ZKM, Karlsruhe (2007); *Day for Night: Whitney Biennial 2006*, New York; *The Gold Standard*, P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center, New York (2006); *Infinite Painting: Contemporary Painting and Global Realism*, Villa Manin Center for Contemporary Art, Passariano, Italy (2006); *Uncertain States of America*, Serpentine Gallery, London (2006); *Make It Now: New Sculptures in New York*, (with Wade Guyton), Sculpture Center, New York (2005); *Post No Bills*, White Columns, New York (2005); *The Age of Optimism*, Galerie Peter Kilchmann, Zurich (2004); *Le Rayon Noir*, Circuit, Lausanne, Switzerland (2003); *Painting as Paradox*, Artists Space, New York (2002); and *Exposition W*, Musee des Beaux Arts, Dole, France (2001).

[EL]

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Acknowledgments

Richard Flood, Laura Hoptman, Massimiliano Gioni

In this publication of the *new* New Museum, which accompanies the second installment of the exhibition *Unmonumental*, we would like, above all, to thank the participating artists; Mark Bradford, Jonathan Hernandez, Thomas Hirschhorn, Christian Holstad, Kim Jones, Wangechi Mutu, Henrik Olesen, Martha Rosler, Nancy Spero, John Stezaker, and Kelley Walker. Their work served as an inspiration for this exhibition that aspires to become a collage in itself.

Many artists in the show have realized site-specific projects: we are extremely thankful for their generosity and for allowing us to premiere entirely new series and bodies of work. The artists have also contributed to the publication with writings, texts, and interviews, transforming this book into a unique introduction to their practices, giving readers the opportunity to enter in their studios, listen to their voices, and observe their creative processes up close. In other words, this book is truly the result of the artists' vision, a fact made evident by the close participation of Conny Purtill, its designer.

Over the past year we have worked closely with many talented individuals who have contributed to realizing this exhibition, with all its different installments and its many practical and financial challenges. Firstly, we would like to thank Lisa Phillips, the Toby Devan Lewis Director of the New Museum, for believing in and supporting our vision. Lisa Roumell, Chief Operating Officer and John Hatfield, Associate Director, played crucial and irreplaceable roles in helping make an idea become a reality and pushing the boundaries of what museums can do.

This publication was overseen with great competence and even greater patience by Melanie Franklin Cohn, Publications Manager, under the direction of Karen Wong, Director of External Affairs. We are thankful to both for their help.

We are pleased to have been able to collaborate with the publishing house Electa and wish to thank, particularly, Martina Mondadori and Valentina Lindon for their enthusiasm and expertise in the creation of this book.

Eva Diaz, Joanne Leonhardt Cassullo Curatorial Fellow, helped coordinate the research of artists' materials and texts, while New Museum interns Jenn Wirtz and Emily Liebert helped us in realizing this publication through their research and written contributions. Pomona College Museum of Art, Aleksandra Mir, Steven Durland, Linda Burnham, and Norwich Gallery generously gave permissions for the reprints of the artists' texts and interviews.

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The entire staff of the New Museum helped shepherd this exhibition to its opening, but we must gratefully acknowledge Alice Arias, Director of Finance and Administration; Maria Dimitriou, Associate Development Director for Grants; Betsy Ely, Administrative Assistant; Kellie Feltman, Registrar; Hendrik Gerrits, Installation Coordinator; Regan L. Grusy, Director of Development; Jennifer Heslin, Director of Retail and Institutional Sales; and Valentina Spalten, Curatorial Intern, all of whom lent their expertise to the project.

Benjamin Godsill, Curatorial Assistant, worked on both the research and the organization of the exhibition, and, as always, his help has been crucial for keeping things running smoothly and coming out successfully.

Outside the museum, the following individuals lent their support during the research and organization of the exhibition and catalog: Jake Miller, The Approach; Daniel Buchholz and Christopher Müller, Daniel Buchholz Gallery; Paula Cooper and Steve Henry, Paula Cooper Gallery; Barbara Gladstone and Max Falkenstein, Gladstone Gallery; Romain Lopes and Sophie Pulicani, Thomas Hirschhorn Studio; Jose Kuri, Monica Manzutto and Amelia Hinojosa, kurimanzutto; Mary Sabbatino, Galerie Lelong; Jay Gorney, Mitchell-Innes and Nash; Joe Amrhein, Susan Swenson and Summer Guthery, Pierogi 2000; Daniel Reich, Laura Higgins and Jeff Tranchell, Daniel Reich Gallery; Brent Sikkema, Michael Jenkins and Ellie Bronson, Sikkema Jenkins & Co.; Meredyth Sparks, Kelley Walker Studio; Matthew Higgs, White Columns; Sandra Q. Firmin, University of Buffalo; and Frank Demaegd, Zeno X Gallery.

Finally, we would like to thank the lenders who generously parted with works for this show. The exhibition would not be possible without their kind cooperation.

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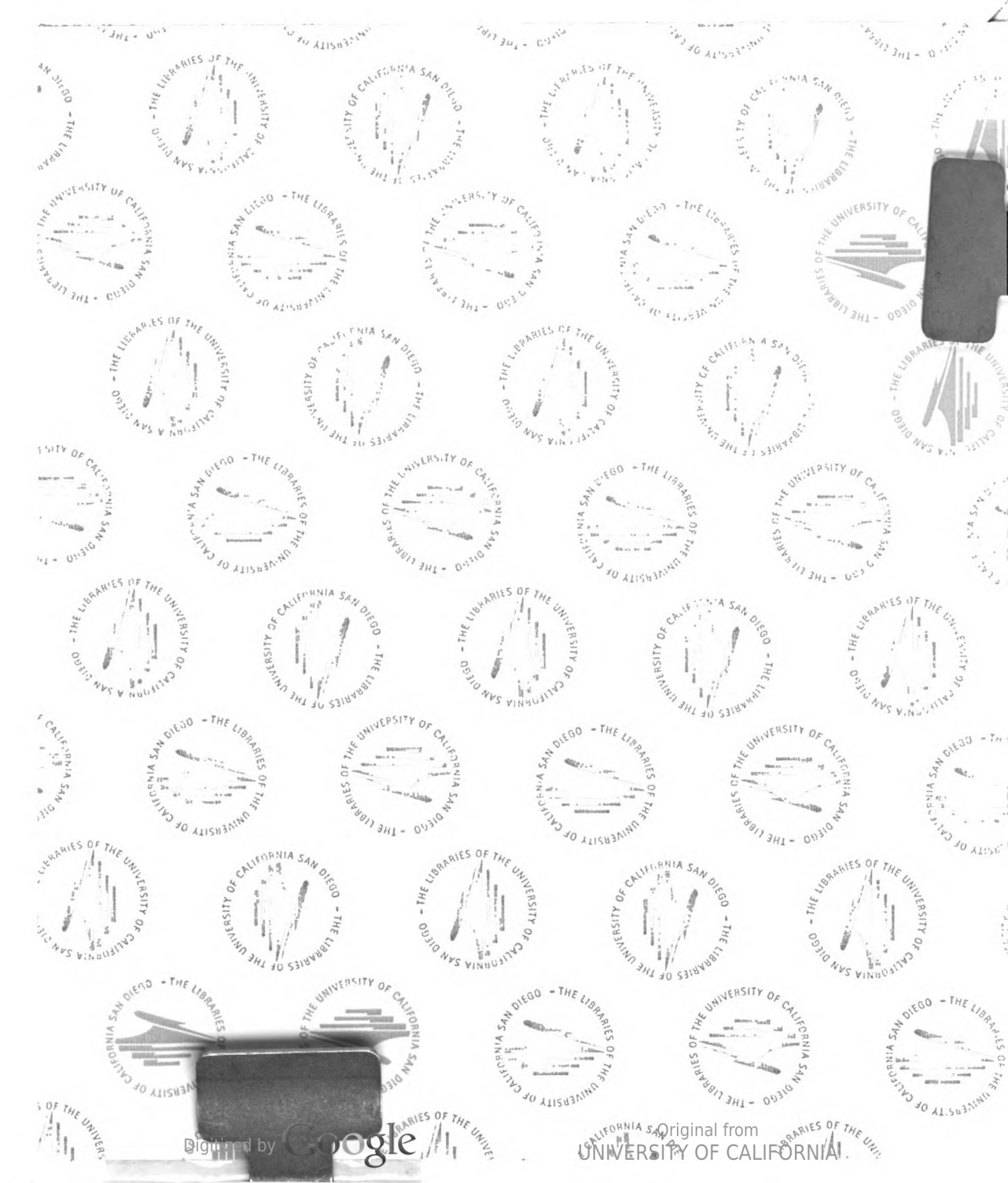
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MARK BRADFORD
JONATHAN HERNANDEZ
THOMAS HIRSCHHORN
CHRISTIAN HOLSTAD
KIM JONES
WANGECHI MUTU
HENRIK OLESEN
MARTHA ROSLER
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KELLEY WALKER

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